ÉDITION DE LUXE



# THE CRAPHIC.

AN

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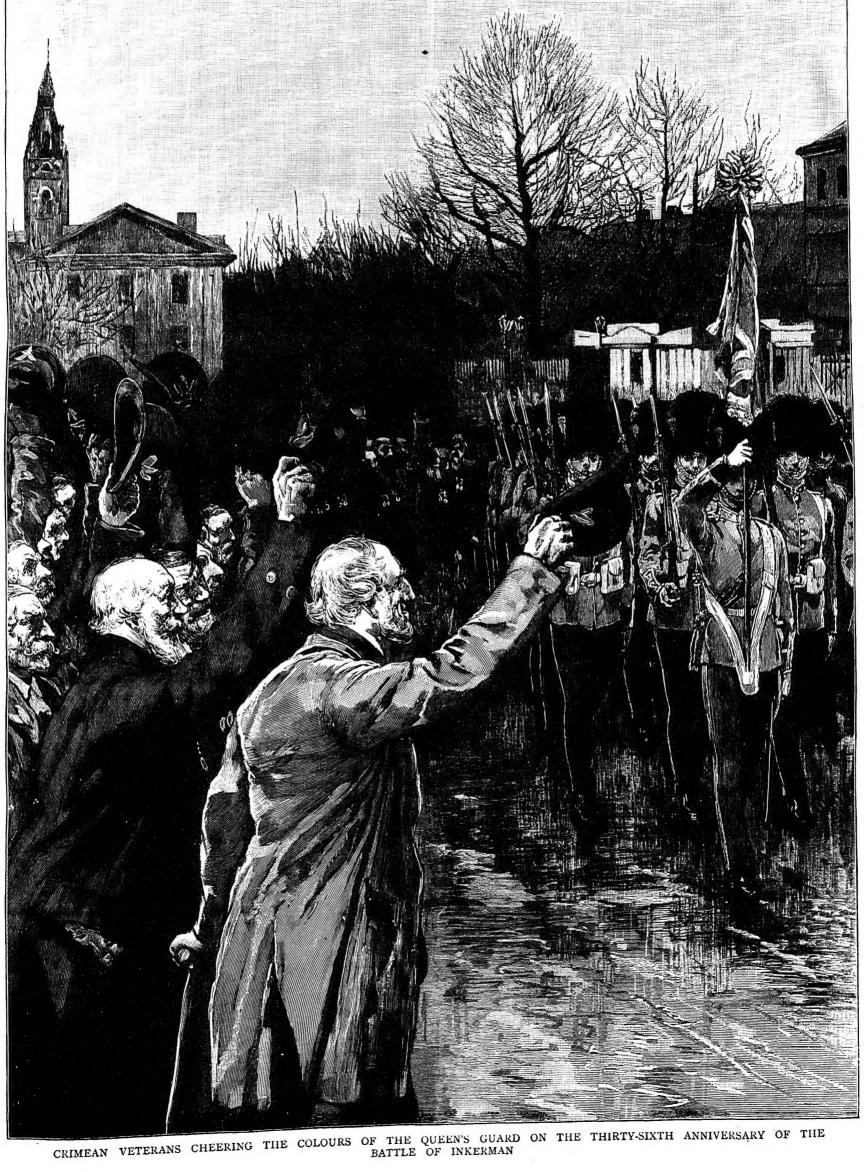
PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, November 15, 1890

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1890

PRICE NINEPENCE
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LORD SALISBURY'S PROPHECY OF PEACE. —On a memorable occasion, rather more than twenty years ago, Lord Granville, speaking as Foreign Secretary, declared that he could not see anywhere the faintest indication of coming trouble in Europe. A week or two afterwards France and Germany were at war. Since that time people have not been disposed to attribute much importance to the reassurances of Foreign Secretaries. In his speech on Monday Lord Salisbury carefully refrained from making any very definite statements as to the more or less remote future; but he did venture to say that all the omens were favourable to peace-at all events during the period of the new Lord Mayor's administration. If his hopes should be disappointed, no one will be able to reproach him with having overlooked obvious circumstances pointing in the direction of international disturbance. For the present, all European Statesmen speak exactly as Lord Salisbury does, and there really seems to be solid ground for the belief that the world has before it a time of comparative quiet. This does not mean that there are not beneath the surface plenty of causes for anxiety. The Russian Government has abandoned none of its pretensions to supremacy in South-Eastern Europe, and among the ruling classes of France the dislike for Germany appears to be as strong as ever it was. But both of these Powers are held in check by the Triple Alliance, and it is difficult to suppose that either singly or together they will do anything rashly that might lead to their being confronted in the field by the combined forces of Germany, Austria, and Italy. We must also take into account the fact that in all the more advanced countries the masses of the people are directly or indirectly exercising more and more influence over their respective Governments, and that peasants and artisans are everywhere opposed to policies which can bring no good either to them or their children. If these classes had their way, it is tolerably certain that very many Lord Mayors would come and go before the outbreak of another great war.

THE TAUNTON RAILWAY DISASTER.—This is one of the most terrible railway accidents which has occurred for many years in the West of England; and, in the fact of the carriages taking fire, resembles the railway smashes for which America has such a sinister celebrity. The slaughter might easily have been worse than it was, had two very possible contingencies happened. If the stationary goodstrain had been facing the other way, there would have been no engine to bear the brunt of the first shock, and the special would have been more completely wrecked than it was. Again, had not the down passenger-express been providentially late, so that there was time to stop it by signal, it would almost infallibly have dashed into the debris, with fearful consequences to the occupants of its carriages. As for the cause of this Taunton disaster, there is no mystery about it. It was primarily due to a lapse of memory on the part of the signalman. It is not unlikely that the harassing and responsible nature of their duties causes this occasional failure on the part of signalmen, and, if it be true that Rice is sixtysix years old, he had certainly earned his right to an honourable retirement. There are, however, secondary causes of the calamity which demand investigation. Both special and goods-trains are sources of danger, and it is to be hoped that some day separate and independent lines will be reserved for the latter. But, even as matters now stand, a goods train should never be left standing for a lengthened period on rails which are liable to be invaded by other trains. The position is hazardous, and the driver and guard of the goods train at Norton, being aware of this, felt uneasy before the collision occurred. Even at the risk of some delay, when a goods-train has to wait for other trains, it should be shunted into a siding.

HONOURING OUR HEROES.—It is universally admitted that the feature par excellence of the Lord Mayor's Show was the pathetic procession of human relics from the Crimean War. The crowd cheered the veterans at every point; it was for them that handkerchiefs were waved and hands kissed from windows; even Mr. Augustus Harris's popularity with the Strand citizens suffered eclipse "on this occasion only.' As for the old boys themselves, their gratified looks and beaming faces sufficiently showed how keenly they appreciated London's demonstration of gratitude. May it not be hoped, then, that the brilliant success of England's first effort to render civic honours to her heroes will beget imitation? It really would almost appear that we are ashamed publicly to recognise heroism in our own kindred, so careful are we to hide it away. We are reasonably liberal-perhaps rather too much so during recent years -in the bestowal of medals and crosses. But having done that much for the satisfaction of conscience, it is our insular habit to close the transaction as if it were a bit of retail business. This method of treatment is as ungracious as unwise. With an army solely dependent upon voluntary enlistment, as ours is, it must always be of the highest consequence to employ all means to popularise the profession among the classes from which recruits are obtained. And what better or cheaper means could be adopted than by publicly testifying, as on Monday, that the English people delight to honour those who have done them good service? The day has gone by for Sergeant Kite to make pretence that a field-marshal's bâton lies hidden in every soldier's knapsack; but it is not gone by to take every possible opportunity of doing as much honour to heroism in a private as to heroism in a field-marshal. Let this new departure be taken, and be persevered with, and we make little doubt the effect would soon be seen in improved recruiting. Men who respect themselves do not care to join a service which is apparently held in disrespect by the nation collectively.

THE CZAREWITCH IN INDIA. — The announcement that the heir to the Russian Throne is about to travel in India as the guest of the Queen and the Indian Government has produced a very pleasant impression in England. In the first place, it indicates that Great Britain and Russia are on more than usually friendly terms, and that is good news for all classes of Englishmen. Again, the presence of the Czarewitch in our Eastern dependency can hardly fail to have a salutary effect on the native population, since it will prove that we do not think we have for the present any reason to dread Russian aggression. Not so very long ago there was in the English mind a deeply-rooted suspicion as to the designs of Russia in the East, and it would be foolish to suppose either that this suspicion has been altogether removed, or that what remains of it is wholly without justification. If we were so unfortunate as to be at war with Russia about questions of European policy, it is certain that she would try to strike a blow at us in India. But if we can keep away from European complications-and all parties are agreed that we should more and more endeavour to do soit seems by no means impossible that we may come to a definite understanding with Russia about our respective spheres in Asia. She already rules so enormous a territory that many generations may pass before she succeeds in thoroughly organising her vast dominions. Of what real use could India be to her? It would be a burden too heavy for her to bear, and even the attempt to conquer it might end in the break-up of her Empire. These considerations are not overlooked by leading Russians, and they are so obvious, and of such weighty import, that they now receive due attention from Englishmen also. If the Czarewitch's visit helps to give them greater prominence, he will do excellent service alike to India and to this country, and indirectly even to his own people.

THE CASTIONI EXTRADITION CASE.—Few persons would have supposed, at the time when the Ticino Revolution took place, that it would become the cause of an important decision in an English law-court. But it seems that there was one Castioni, who had been for many years resident in London, who was in the employment of Sir Edgar Boehm, the sculptor, and who had been commissioned by him to proceed to Italy and purchase a block of marble there. Whether Castioni fulfilled his peaceful errand is not stated, but at all events he suddenly turned up in a new character, forming one of the mob who were besieging the official head-quarters of the Government in Ticino, and, after the gates were burst open, he fired a revolver and killed Councillor Rossi. Being afterwards arrested in London, the Swiss Government demanded his extradition, which, after hearing evidence, Sir John Bridge, the magistrate, granted. An application, however, for his discharge was made before the Judges, who gave judgment in his favour. The Extradition Act has now been in force for twenty years, and this is the first time that a judicial definition has been given as to the circumstances which constitute a political offence. No doubt, the judges were legally justified in their decision, but at the same time it may fairly be said that Castioni has been fortunate in regaining his liberty. For there were several points stated by the Attorney-General which seemed to controvert the view that his offence was political. He was a stranger in the country, he had no personal interest in the insurrection, and he had only arrived in Bellinzona the night before. He appears to have nourished a feeling of revenge, owing to the assassination of a brother ten years ago; the fatal shot was not fired until after the gates were forced; and when it was fired he said, "He is down!" and at once went away. The Swiss authorities, in their hearts, are probably not sorry that Castioni has been set at liberty, because, if surrendered, they would have had great difficulty in knowing how to deal with him; but, as regards ourselves, if hereafter we have to demand the extradition of some dynamiter or assassin of the Phœnix Park type, the arguments of the judges in the Castioni case will no doubt be quoted

Missionary Expenditure. — The record of British expenditure on foreign mission work during 1889 shows little sign of flagging energy in this department of religious activity. Although not quite so large as the collection the previous year, the subscriptions and legacies came to a little over 1,300,000%, being considerably in excess of any previous year except 1888. It is quite evident, therefore, that the many attacks which have been made on missionary work during the past decade can have produced next to no effect in checking the flow of public liberality. Those who used to subscribe before the crusade began continue to do so, and there must also be a sufficiency of new adherents to fill the

gaps caused by losses and deaths. On the whole, it would seem safe to assume that the British isles are fairly doing their share—perhaps rather more—of the work of converting the heathen to Christianity. The results may not appear quite commensurate with the enormous expenditure of toil and money. But the farmer does not expect to get his reward as soon as he has finished with ploughing, sowing seed, and manuring. He has to wait patiently for the fruits of his labour and generous treatment of the land, and sometimes he waits in vain. So it is with missionary work; the return is always tardy in coming, and the yield very uncertain. But even as the farmer balances the gain on one crop or one year against the loss on another crop or another year, so those who subscribe to foreign missionary undertakings have the satisfaction of feeling that they are aiding a steadily progressive work, taking one country with another. In Africa especially, a magnificent field has just been thrown open for Christian cultivation, and it would reflect shame on England were adequate funds not forthcoming to carry on the noble civilising work of Livingstone and Mackay.

MAJOR BARTTELOT AND MR. JAMESON .- It would be impossible to conceive a more repulsive scandal than that about which all the world has been talking during the last few days. If Mr. Stanley's accusations are true, the most charitable supposition is that both Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson were afflicted with the worst forms of insanity. But does the evidence compel us to believe that the charges are in accordance with fact? Mr. Stanley himself speaks only on the authority of others, and cannot, therefore, per. sonally decide the question either one way or the other, Mr. Bonny's statements rest on a different basis, but justice requires that even with his testimony before us we shall suspend judgment. Every one agrees, however, that his narrative renders a searching inquiry absolutely necessary; for these frightful tales affect not only the reputation of the dead men whose characters are assailed, but the reputation of England as a civilised and civilising Power. As it is doubtful whether the question in its entire extent could be raised in a court of law, it has been suggested that a Royal Commission should be appointed to investigate the matter; and this is probably the method of inquiry which would most strongly commend itself to the public. If a Royal Commission is appointed, it ought to have a wider task than that of determining whether these horrors ever really took place. It should be directed to indicate the conditions on which English subjects shall be permitted to explore distant regions. Livingstone, the noblest figure in the history of African travel, never thought of shooting, or hanging, or flogging his followers. His sway over them was due wholly to moral qualities. Is it right that others should be allowed to exercise powers of which Livingstone would have scorned to make use? If any one chooses to penetrate to the wilds of Africa, should he not be made to understand that he goes at his own risk, and that for any known infraction of the laws of civilised society he will be sternly called to account?

EIGHT HOURS A DAY.—Whether it be true or not that the Eccles election was decided by the attitude of the miners on this question, it has certainly lost the Utopian aspect which it presented some years ago, and has become a matter of practical politics. Only within the last few days such men as Lord Salisbury, Lord Seiborne, Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Dudley Field, the American lawyer, have all had their say about it. It must be admitted that the "say" of these men, who range in the political gamut from Toryism to Radicalism, is eminently unfavourable. It must be further admitted that they have most of the logic and reason on their side. A legislative Eight Hours-unless it was a mere excuse for raising the rate of wages by giving workmen the opportunity of putting in more overtime-would constitute the greatest social revolution the world has ever seen; and, in the case of many occupations, such, for example, as domestic service. would be ludicrously impracticable. But if one species of labour is to be exempted from its operation, why not many others? After all, there is nothing like example. Let the miners, who of all workers are most ripe for the change, begin. In many mines the eight hours day already practically exists. Let them make it universal, not by Parliamentary interference, but by voluntary organisation. Then, if the price of coal does not go up, if foreigners do not step into the business, and if wages remain as good as now, other workers may also combine for a similar purpose.

DIPHTHERIA AND MILK.—The evidence collected by the Croydon Sanitary Committee respecting the recent severe outbreak of diphtheria, establishes a strong prima facie case for the assumption that the disease was spread, if not created, by the milk supplied from a certain farm. This discovery, however, does not account for the curious fact that there have lately been several similar outbreaks of diphtheria at various widely-separated places a little way out of London. They cannot have communicated it to one another, as intervening areas escaped the visitation entirely. Nor would it seem reasonable to conjecture that the water supply, or the drains, or the soil at the several spots simultaneously developed germs. Being cut off from such surmises as these, science might consider whether peculiar atmospheric or climatic conditions, in conjunction with

special local conditions, might not act upon cows in sucn a way as to introduce the diphtheria-poison into their milk. This seems, no doubt, a somewhat wild hypothesis, but 50 little is known of the origin of the disease, and so perplexing are its manifestations, that some guessing in the dark is permissible. In the case of Croydon, it appears that the milk from only one farm was vitiated, and it should be easy, therefore, to obtain some data for scientific investiga-tion to go upon. We would suggest that the inquiring body should start from the assumption that the disease was in the milk when it left the farm. That being taken for granted, the next and far more difficult step will be to ascertain how it got there. From the cow? No doubt, but how did it get into the cow, and why were other cows simultaneously affected at Cheam and elsewhere? Polluted water, or defective drainage, or poisoned soil might be the originator, but as the several places can scarcely have changed much all of a sudden in these particulars, insanitary surroundings by themselves would not account for the sudden outbreak of the disease at several places which were praviously free from it.



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At the Festivals in 1884 and 1889 HER MAJESTY the QUEEN graciously
placed her PRIVATE BOX at the service of the Bazaar Committee, and it is
hoped that other freeholders will follow Her Mejesty's example.



INKERMAN ANNIVERSARY—MEETING OF THE GUARDS

GUARDS

The Battle of Inkerman, which took place on November 5th, 1854, was really a far more important affair than the Balaclava Charge, but it has never laid hold of the public imagination as has the latterevent. Nevertheless, the anniversary is, of course, duly celebrated in those regiments which took part in the engagement. This year it was briefly notified that the survivors of the Brigade of Guards would parade at 10 A.M. on November 5th in Wellington Barracks, Westminster. Accordingly about a hundred veteran soldiers of the Brigade—all wearing the four-clasped medal of the Crimean Campaign—went to Wellington Barracks. So far, however, from parading there, and saluting the colours of the Queen's Guard, they were not even allowed to enter the barrack-gates. It seems that the meeting had been convened by one of the surviving soldiers, and not by the Commander-in-Chief, or the authorities at the War Office or the Horse Guards. The British Army being swathed in red tape, General Philip Smith deemed it his duty to shut the men out. They were greatly disappointed—many of them having come long distances to attend the parade—and they received much sympathy from the crowd which had gathered round the barrack railings. Let us hope that if the experiment is repeated next year it will be better managed on both sides.

THE MASHONALAND EXPEDITION

#### THE MASHONALAND EXPEDITION

THE MASHONALAND EXPEDITION

Concerning two of our engravings—the camp on the Lundi River, and crossing the big drift across that stream—we have already, in a former account, given a sufficient description, but a few words are advisable concerning the famous ruins of Zinbabye, which were originally discovered by the German traveller Mauch, and close to which the Pioneer Corps of the British South Africa Company's Expedition passed on their way to Mount Hampden. The ruins themselves lie at the base of a precipitous granite "kopje." There is an outer wall about four feet high; a second and inner wall—both these walls are overgrown and concealed by a dense jungle-like undergrowth—a perfect labyrinth of remains of small circular buildings; and, lastly, the most startling and noticeable feature of these remains, a high wall of circular shape, from 30 ft. to 35 ft. high, and enclosing an area 80 yards in diameter. This wall (10 ft. thick at the base, and tapering to 7.ft. or 8 ft. at the top) is built of small granite blocks, about twice the size of an ordinary brick, beautifully hewn and dressed, laid in perfectly even courses, and put together without either mortar or cement. The inlet to this strange enclosure is by a well-defined though narrow entrance on the eastern side. Inside there is a conical-shaped turret, built of solid granite masonry, 35 ft. high, and 18 ft. wide at the base. These curious works have been popularly ascribed to the Queen of Sheba; but in the opinion of Major Erskine, formerly Colonial Secretary of Natal, they were made for the protection of gold mines.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. W. Ellerton Fry, Pioneer Force, British South Africa Company.

#### PITMEN RABBIT-COURSING

PITMEN RABBIT-COURSING

Now that an Eight Hours Bill for miners has been blessed by some prominent politicians, it is as well to ascertain whether the pitman is really such an overworked being as he is sometimes asserted to be. There are not wanting authorities to maintain that, on the contrary, he takes very good care to avoid the "all work and no play" which makes Jack a dull boy; and that it is sometimes very difficult to get him to work on Saturdays and Mondays, so much greater are the attractions of football, dog-fighting, and rabbit-coursing. Of the last-mentioned pastime we present a picture this week. The charge of cruelty is sometimes brought against those who indulge in it, but that eminent authority "Stonehenge" declares that it is no crueller than hare-coursing or shooting. The rabbits are let out of a trap somewhat similar to a pigeontrap, but larger. The dogs are usually a cross between terrier and greyhound, but are sometimes nearly pure bred. The rabbits, with their short running and quick turning, afford plenty of sport, and much money changes hands over the result of the courses.

VIEWS IN ST. HELENA See page 557

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON See page 553

#### A DAY'S SHOOTING IN OUDE

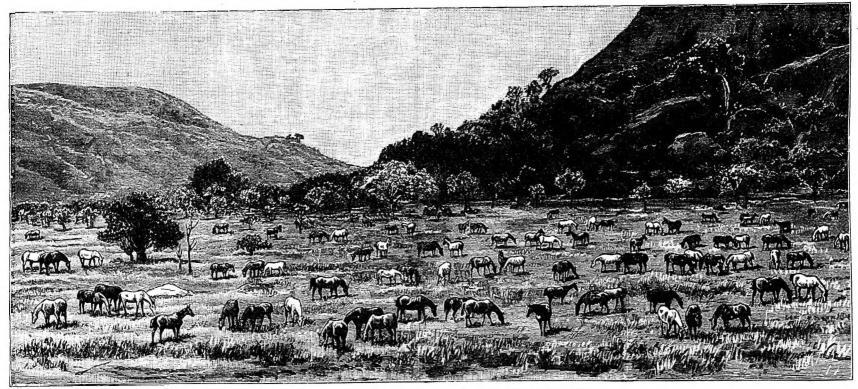
Vive le sport! What will not the Britisher go through in his desire for something to kill? Our friend in the picture arrives at his host's bungalow when the thermometer is little above the fire in lost's bulgator. Freezing-point (and a little above in India feels as cold as a little below in England); he has a jolting ride over a road which to call "good" is to trifle with words; the birds are wild, though plentiful, and there is no cover; and, finally, when a boat has been procured, it proves unseaworthy, and the sportsmen get a ducking. On the whole, the best part of the day's proceedings is the conclusion—pipes, "pegs," and the Jemadar's stories à la Kipling.—Our illustrations are from sketches by C. C. Hearsey, 623, High Road,

PROCESSION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH TO BLACK-FRIARS—JUNE 9th, 1600

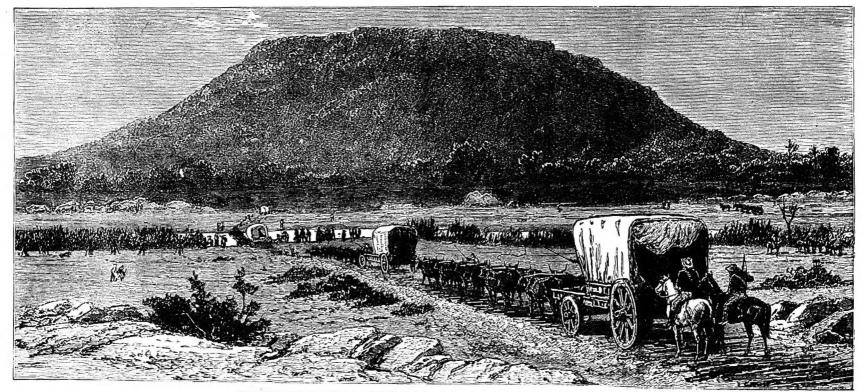
THE original picture, from which our engraving is taken, is the property of J. D. Wingfield Digby, Esq., and was lent by him to the recent Tudor Exhibition. Mr. George Scharf, Director of the



ANCIENT RUINS DISCOVERED AT ZINBABYE SUPPOSED TO BE THE RESIDENCE OF THE QUEEN OF SHEB.

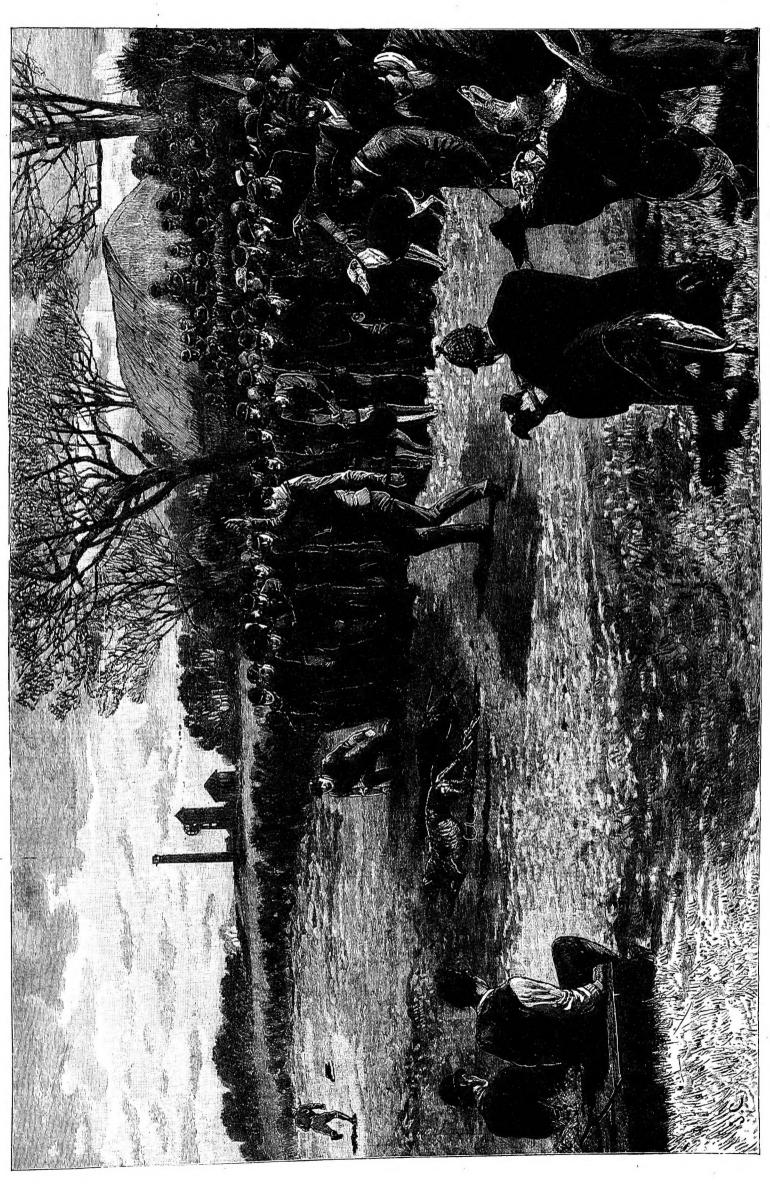


THE CAMP ON THE LUNDI RIVER-A SCENE AFTER THE DAY'S MARCH



CROSSING THE BIG DRIFT ON THE LUNDI RIVER ON THE ROAD TO MASHONALAND

THE PIONEER CORPS OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA CO.'S FORCES ON THEIR WAY TO MASHONALAND



A PITMAN'S HOLIDAY-RABBIT COURSING WITH GREYHOUNDS

National Portrait Gallery, identifies the subject depicted as "Her Majesty's visit to Lady Russell's house in Blackfriars to grace the nuptials of her daughter, Lady Anne Russell, a Maid of Honour, with Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Worcester." Queen Elizabeth is seated in a canopy Chair of State, borne by four knights, and preceded by six noblemen, wearing the Collar of the Garter. The bald-headed nobleman nearest to the spectator is Lord Worcester, father of the bridegroom. Lord Cobham, Warden of the Cinque Ports, walks immediately in front of the Queen, bearing the Sword of State. Lord Herbert, the bridegroom, is one of the four chairmen; his left hand indicates his future wife, who walks immediately behind him. She is dressed in white, and wears a wide-spread ruff, open at the neck. On her left hand is her mother, and on her right Lucy Harrington, afterwards Countess of Bedford.

#### CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON,

#### See page 557

"THE ROYAL LIVERPOOL INFIRMARY."—By a clerical error in our issue of the 1st inst. Mr. Banks was described as Senior Physician to this institution. Mr. Banks is Senior Surgeon; the Senior Physician is Dr. Glynn, M.D., F.R.C.P.

"THE BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT."—With reference to the statement in the above issue that Private Matthew Harris of the 69th Regiment was the first man to board the San Nicolas Lieutenant Lewis Bayley, R.N., writes to claim the distinction for Captain Berry, R.N., on the authority of Nelson's "Letters and Despatches."

NOTE.—Mr. Sheriff Harris's chain, illustrated last week, was designed by Mr. Culleton, heraldic artist and engraver, 25, Cranbourn Street, W.C.—Our picture of the pet goat belonging to the Welsh Regiment, which appeared in a recent issue, was from a photograph by A. Sauvy, Paris Photographic Studio, 64A, Patrick Street, Cork.



LORD SALISBURY'S brief speech at the new Lord Mayor's banquet on Monday, every sentence in it being either important or interesting, might serve as a model for the oratiory of certain other statesmen. Felicitous was his reference to the Newfoundland controversy with France, and to that with the United States on the Behring Sea question. His tone was serious enough to prove to these Governments that the rights of the Queen's colonial subjects will be upheld, and playful enough to indicate his own sense of the absurdity of a rupture between great nations on account of "that very unintelligent animal, the lobster," or "that not much nobler animal, the seal." "The world's conflict of the future," the Prime Minister said, "is a conflict of tariffs," and with foreign tariffs directed everywhere against England, such extensions of her dominions as those in Africa were more than ever important, as securing for our commerce markets from which no hostile tariffs can exclude us. This country cannot retaliate, he pointed out, because our import duties have been reduced to the minimum LORD SALISBURY'S brief speech at the new Lord Mayor's banquet because our import duties have been reduced to the minimum compatible with fiscal necessities, but Lord Salisbury hinted that the time might come when the protectionist "madness of other nations" would induce us to consider whether we should not "deflect" from our "present sound and sensible position." The injury inflicted by hostile tariffs on our trade would, Lord Salisbury injury inflicted by hostile tariffs on our trade would, Lord Salisbury proceeded to show, be increased by such contemplated interference with the freedom of industry as the passing of an Eight Hours Bill. Lord Salisbury closed his able and interesting speech with some incisive remarks on "political meteorology," referring, without directly mentioning them, to the confident predictions of Glastonian victory based on the results of certain by-elections. One of the most striking of the Premier's illustrations of the futility of such prophecies was his reminder that last year General Boulanger carried by-election after by-election in all the greatest towns in France, and yet, Lord Salisbury added, amid the cheers and laughter of his audience, "General Boulanger did not win."

MONDAY LORD MAYOR'S DAY, was ushered in with a dense fog, which happily cleared away in time for as great a multitude as ever witnessed the time-honoured pageant to enjoy the spectacle. Among the novelties of the Show, which was inferior to none of its predecessors, were a series of cars decorated and tenanted so as to be emblematic of the markets presided over by the Corporation. But the loudest plaudits of the immense crowd were creditably bestowed on the inmates of twenty carriages conveying the survivors of the Crimean War, with them, on horseback, being the two trumpeters who sounded the charge when "rode the six hundred" at Balaclava on that memorable October day of 1854. There was the usual presentation of the new Lord Mayor in the Court of the Lord Chief Justice, who, absent through illness, was represented by three of the Judges, Mr. Justice Denman appropriately echoing the well-deserved eulogium on the character and career of Lord Mayor Savory pronounced by the Recorder.

General Booth, evidently confident of support, has taken a MONDAY, LORD MAYOR'S DAY, was ushered in with a dense fog,

career of Lord Mayor Savory pronounced by the Recorder.

GENERAL BOOTH, evidently confident of support, has taken a first step in his contemplated operations for the benefit of the dwellers in "Darkest England." He has purchased, at a cost of 4,000., an old brewery in Shoreditch, which is to be converted into a "city colony," with accommodation for 500 inmates. He is also making inquiries with a view to procure, within easy distance of London, a suitable piece of land on which to establish a "country colony." The encouragement which he has received from the churches is referred to in our "Church" column. The Duke of Fife has written him a most sympathetic letter, enclosing a cheque for 100. Mr. Samuel Laing, the chairman of the London and Brighton Railway Company, promises a similar donation, and Mr. S. B. Bancroft, the well-known actor-manager, offers 1,000. if ninety-S. B. Bancroft, the well-known actor-manager, offers 1,000l if ninety-nine others will each subscribe the same sum to make up the 100,000/. asked for.

NORTON FITZWARREN JUNCTION STATION, two miles from aunton, on the main about half-past one on Tuesday morning the scene of one of the most frightful railway accidents of recent years. At that hour a special train, with passengers from the Cape of Good Hope, who had landed at Plymouth on Monday night, was due at the station mentioned. The down goods-train, bound for Plymouth, passed through the station a little after one, and, to allow it to pass, the signalman shunted a slow goods train from the down to the up-line. There, right in the way of the expected special train, he, strangely oblivious, allowed it to stand until it was run into by the special from Plymouth, rushing on at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It about half-past one on Tuesday morning the scene of one of the oblivious, allowed it to stand until it was run into by the special from Plymouth, rushing on at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It consisted of two carriages and a van, the former containing forty-seven passengers, many of them diggers from South Africa. With the collision the engines were completely locked, and the first and second carriages were piled upon each other to the height of nearly thirty feet. The screams and groans of the injured passengers were dreadful. To add to the horrors of the catastrophe, burning coals from the engine of the special set on fire the splintered was dreafful. woodwork of the first carriage. This was extinguished when help arrived, but even then hours elapsed before some of those in the first carriage were rescued, it having to be sawn and broken away in pieces before they could be reached. Ten of its passengers were

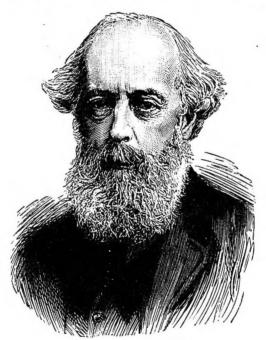
dead before all was over. Four of them were supposed to have been killed at the moment of collision, and six of them to have been burned or scalded to death before they could be extricated. Some fourteen others were more or less severely injured. The signalman, George Rice, was charged at Taunton Police-court with neglect of duty, and is to appear to his bail to-day (Saturday). He is very temperate, and has been for thirty-five years in the service of the Company, during twenty-seven of them at Norton. But since he was injured in the head by an accident some eight months ago, he has not always, it is said, seemed quite himself. The coroner's inquest was opened on Wednesday and adjourned until the following day.

ago, he has not always, it is said, seeled upder himself in the following day.

Our Obituary includes the death, in her eighty-fourth year, of the Hon. Frances Mary Chenevix Trench, widow of the late Archbishop of Dublin, and sister of the second Lord Ashtown; in only his twenty-third year, of Viscount Cantelupe, eldest son of Earl Delawarr, whose yawl, the Urania, in Belfast Lough, with himself and crew on board, was driven in the terrible storm of Friday last week on to the Salt Pan rock, upon which the City of Lucknow was wrecked a few years ago. While himself ascending, and cheerily encouraging his men to seek refuge in, the rigging, a tremendous sea struck the little craft and he was swept overboard and drowned. Also, in his sixtieth year, of Mr. Henry S. Lucy, of Charlecote Park, Warwickshire, a descendant of the Sir Thomas Lucy who is supposed to be satirised by Shakespeare as Justice Shallow, and whose park tradition speaks of as the scene of Shakespeare's alleged deerstealing exploits; in South Africa, of Lieutenant the Hon. James Drummond, Master of Elphinstone, who with his father, Lord Elphinstone, had been accompanying Sir Henry Loch on a tour through Bechuanaland; in his seventy-second year of Major-General John Hackett, late Colonel of the 76th Regiment, who distinguished himself in the Crimean Campaign, and the subsequent war with China; in his eighty-first year, of the Rev. Richard Payne, Canon of Salisbury; in his seventy-fifth year, of the Rev. Samuel Holmes, Canon of Ripon, and for eleven years Vicar of Huddersfield; in his eighty-seventh year, of the Rev. F. Trestrail, formerly President of the Baptist Union, and Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Association; of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Hannay, the well-known secretary of the Congregational Union; in his forty-ninth year, of Mr Edward D. Mellor, Chief Clerk in Chancery, fifth son of the late Right Hon. Sir John Mellor; and of Mr. Christopher Benson, of Wiesbaden, brother of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has thus suffered two bereavement

#### DR. ARMITAGE

DR. THOMAS RHODES ARMITAGE, a younger brother of Mr. Edward Armitage, R.A., was one of the seven sons of the late Mr. James Armitage, ironmaster, of Farnley, near Leeds. He was born at Tillgate, Sussex, in 1824, and after being educated at Germany, became a medical student, first at King's College, London, and afterwards at Paris and Vienna. He then began practice as a phy-



DR. T. R. ARMITAGE Born 1824. Died Oct. 23rd, 1890

sician in Seymour Street, but in a few years his sight, which had never been good, failed so greatly that he was compelled to relinquish his profession. Thenceforward he devoted himself to the improvement of the condition of the indigent blind. He reorganised the Indigent Blind Visiting Society, laying down the principles which now obtain there, in visiting blind people at their own homes, in stopping street-begging, in teaching the blind to read from raised characters and to write, in teaching handicrafts, and inculcating thrift. He was the very life of the Society, and its most munificent benefactor. Impressed with the needs of middle-class blind folk, Dr. Armitage became one of the originators of the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Upper Norwood. His leading idea was that the education of the blind should be as much as possible like that of sighted persons, that they should be taught self-reliance, and to earn their bread by their own exertions. Music was found to be especially suited to their condition, and many pupils of the College have done well both as tuners and instrumentalists. To the Normal College Dr. Armitage devoted much time and trouble, besides nearly 40,000L in pecuniary gifts. He was the chief promoter in nearly 40,000l. in pecuniary gifts. He was the chief promoter in this country of the Braille system of writing, and he travelled much abroad in order to ascertain the condition of the blind in various foreign countries. Latterly he became very deaf, as well as almost totally blind, yet he still retained his cheerfulness and his benevolence. He died at Cashel on October 23rd from failure of the heart's action, induced or aggravated by a fall from his horse a few days before.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55 and 56, Baker Street, W.

THE GUILDHALL ART GALLERY was reopened to the public on Wednesday to display the pictures belonging to the Corporation. Amongst the most interesting works to the student are the collection of drawings by the late Mr. E. W. Cooke, R.A.

THE COLUMBUS CELEBRATION OF 1892 will be held by Spain at Huelva in Andalasia, the great discoverer having sailed from the estuary now known as Huelva Harbour. The chief meetings are to take place at the Convent of La Rabida, where Columbus retired in despair of accomplishing his schemes, until the prior obtained for him the needful Royal assistance.



THE TURF.—Liverpool Races last week were doubly remark able—first for the fact that Friday's sport had to be postponed on account of the storm (snow is usually the only thing which interferes with racing), and secondly for the remarkable luck of Mr. Abington, whose victory in the Autumn Cup with Lady Rosebery caused him to be the winner of three Liverpool Cups in succession, the Spring and Summer events having gone to his Father Confessor. Lady Rosebery also won the Autumn Cup in 1888. On this occasion she was followed home by Shall We Remember and Vasistas. Of the other events at Aintree we may note the Great Lancashire Handicap, won by Queen of the Dale; the Stewards' Cup, which fell to Golden Crescent; the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, secured by Lord Zetland's Choufleur; and the Liverpool St. Leger, in which, after a desperate finish, Mr. A. Taylor's filly by Buchanan—Lady Charlie just snatched the verdict from Sir F. Johnstone's Ben.

Fields ruled large at the Derby meeting on Tuesday this week,

Charlie just snatched the verdict from Sir F. Johnstone's Ben.

Fields ruled large at the Derby meeting on Tuesday this week, when, for six events, there were seventy-nine runners. The Chesterfield Nursery Stakes attracted no fewer than twenty-five, of which Mr. T. Cannon's Billow proved the best; the second and third being Conachar and Euphony.—The result of the Melbourne Cup deserves a word of comment. It was won by that wonderful horse the Hon. J. White's Carbine, who, carrying 10 st. 5 lbs. on his back, did the two miles in 3 min. 28 ½ secs. He was conceding to the other placed horses some four stone apiece!

Next year's Derby has been mentioned in the clubs, with the result that The Deemster was backed at 100 to 15, and Valauris at 100 to 8; while Peter Flower, Gouverneur, and Orion mixed were backed at 5 to 4, which sounds a better bet for the layer than the taker.

than the taker.

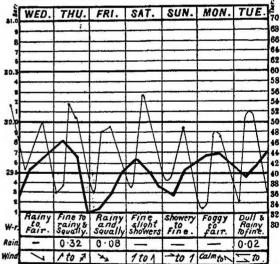
-Everton suffered their third defeat in the League FOOTBALL.—Everton suffered their third defeat in the League competition on Saturday, when at Blackburn the Rovers just beat them; and Wolverhampton Wanderers, by their victory over Bolton Wanderers, gained the first place, though we should not be surprised to see them in turn displaced by Preston North End, who on Saturday drew with Notts County, but who have so far lost only two League matches. The Corinthians inflicted a heavy defeat on Sheffield Club, and the Casuals, who had previously drawn with Oxford University, beat Old Westminsters. Rugbywise, Cambridge University has defeated the Midland Counties and the Harlequins, while Oxford, after beating London Scottish, had to succumb to Bradford, who had previously beaten Richmond. Blackheath easily defeated Rosslyn Park, and Old Leysians the Middlesex Wanderers. FOOTBALL .-

-For the whole of Wednesday and a considerable BILLIARDS. portion of Thursday last week young Dawson never had occasion to take up his cue in his match against Peall; for the "crack" was engaged during the whole of that time in compiling a break of

engaged during the whole of that time in compiling a break of 3,304, which beat by 891 points his previous record of 2,413, made, curiously enough, on that day four years ago. It is needless to say that Peall eventually won by several thousands.—Roberts beat M'Neil, and is now playing Coles.

ROWING.—At Cambridge the Coxswainless Four-Oared Races resulted in favour of Trinity Hall, who beat Third Trinity (the holders) in the final heat. Since 1882 "Third" have won five times, and the "Hall" four.—In the similar races at Oxford, the holders, Magdalen, also failed to maintain their position, being beaten by New College, whose steering was much better than that of the losers.

WEATHER CHART
FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week epding Tuesday midnight (11th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature, for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been of a decidedly unsettled character throughout the whole of the United Kingdom. One of the most severe gales experienced for a long time past occurred during the early part of the time over our North-Western Coasts and in the Irish Sea, and was accompanied in these localities by very heavy rainfall. These disturbed conditions in the weather have been due to many depressions, which, with their secondaries, have visited several portions of our Jalands, and have caused more or less rainfall daily in all parts of the country. The winds consequently varied a good deal in direction, but at first alternated between North and South, and finally became SouthEasterly in most places. The most important disturbance of the period was that which appeared over the North-East Coast of England on the morning of Friday last (7th inst.), and produced heavy Southerly to South-Westerly gales in the South, and Westerly or North Westerly gales of great strength over most of our North-Western and Western Coasts. At the close of the week strong winds from the Westward over Ireland, and from the South-Eastward elsewhere were very prevalent, and unsettled conditions were still in force generally. Rainfall was very heavy over our more North-Western districts, with the deep depression of Thursday to Friday (6th and 7th insts.), several falls of an inch or more being recorded, while in one or two cases over two inches were reported. Temperature has differed very little from the average anywhere; the highest values which occurred during the early portion of the time over England and the South of Ireland ranged from 55 to 59°, wh

THE "DUELLIST DOCTOR" OF HEIDELBERG has just been entertained at a commers of old corps students. This Paukarzt acted as surgeon to the fighting students for forty years, and attended 14,000 duels, of which only two proved fatal.



#### INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS

FOR the eighth time the members of this Society have succeeded in filling the spacious gallery in Piccadilly with a varied and interesting collection of pictures. If it contains no large work of striking originality or supreme importance, the examples of domestic striking originality or supreme importance, the examples of domestic striking originality or supreme importance, the examples of domestic striking originality and foreign modern life, and the portraits are quite up to the accustomed standard. In landscape and set-painting the exhibition is quite as strong as any of its predecessors. In the West Gallery hangs a picture of an ancient church and mouldering churchyard, "Hallowed Ground," by Mr. David Murray, full of delicate modulations of low-toned colour, poetical in feeling, and impressive. Mr. J. Aumonier has a view "On a Sussex Farm," strongly suggestive of calm atmosphere and daylight; and Mr. E. M. Wimperis a fresh and breezy moorland scene, almost, but not quite, as luminous as his water-colours. In Mr. Alfred East's small "Looking Down on Loch Tay," the soft suffused light on the lake and distance and the varied rich autumnal tints in the wooded foreground are most faith-Loch Tay," the soft suffused light on the lake and distance and the varied rich autumnal tints in the wooded foreground are most faithfully depicted. Mr. Leslie Thompson's spacious view, "By the Sea, Anglesea;" Mr. Charles Thornely's delicately-toned "The White Mill;" and Mr. G. Wetherbee's carefully-finished picture of naked boys on the sea-coast, with the inappropriate title, "A Sea Idyll," are excellent in their various ways. In Miss Ethel Wright's imaginative composition "Whispers," occupying the central place at the end of the room, the gracefully-posed maiden and the winged Cupid holding a shell to her ear are correctly designed and well grouped as regards harmony of composition, but everything in it Cupid holding a shell to her ear are correctly designed and well grouped as regards harmony of composition, but everything in it appears to be of the same texture, and it is painted with an ivory-like smoothness, quite inappropriate to work on so large a scale. Mr. J. H. Bacon's small picture of an aged lady seated in an easy chair, with a thoughtful expression on her face, and a child singing at the piano "A Song of Long Ago" is a remarkably good work of its class, showing careful and sympathetic observation of Nature, and treated in a thoroughly simple and unaffected manner. Mr. S. J. Solomon's life-sized portrait of his mother is probably an excellent likeness, but the attitude is rather constrained, and the flesh tints muddy and opaque. Unlike this, his sketchy little picture of a lady reclining on a lawn with a child beside her, in the Central Gallery, shows a greater command of colour than anything we have seen by him. The brilliant sunshine on the drapery and the grass, and the reflected light and colour on the lady's shadowed face, are extremely well rendered.

the grass, and the reflected light and colour on the lady's shadowed face, are extremely well rendered.

There is a great deal of simple, unaffected pathos in Mr. Arthur Hacker's large group of an aged artisan, seated with a little girl at his knee, called "His Daughter's Bairn." The figures are thoroughly natural in attitude and expression, and all the subordinate facts are in perfect keeping with them, and materially aid in giving an appearance of reality to the scene. Like this, Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Adversity"—two sisters, bearing indications of great poverty, busily working on a costly dress, in a barely-furnished garret—is true to Nature, and entirely free from sentimentality or exaggeration. Mr. Hugh Carter's cottage interior, "A Dutch Cobbler," has the grave simplicity, the breadth of light and shade, and subdued harmony of colour, derived from Josef Israels, which we have noticed in many pictures by him, closely resembling it in have noticed in many pictures by him, closely resembling it in

have noticed in many pictures by him, closely resembling it in subject and treatment.

Sir James Linton's two very small pictures: one representing a comely but rather short country girl picking apples, and the other the same—or perhaps another girl—examining a nest in an ivy-clad wall, are chiefly remarkable for the fastidious care and completeness with which they are painted. Mr. F. D. Millet's old-fashioned interior, with a girl of serene beauty seated at her embroidery-frame in front of the window, "Michaelmas Daisies," is drawn and aninted in excellent style, and, like some of his previous works of frame in front of the window, "Michaelmas Daisies," is drawn and painted in excellent style, and, like some of his previous works of the kind, has a pleasant air of refined domesticity and repose. In Mr. E. Blair Leighton's picture of lovers parting on a staircase, "His Last Good-Bye," the impassioned earnestness of the man and the sincere grief of the weeping maiden are extremely well expressed. Mr. G. G. Kilburne's scene of eighteenth-century life, on the same wall, has many good qualities, but wants vitality. Without the catalogue, we should not have discovered that the two gentlemen sipping their tea, and quietly conversing with a gracious lady seated by the fire, were "Rivals." By Mr. Gunning King there is a very truthful picture of humble domestic life, "The Grandchild;" and by Mr. L. Bernard Hall a tastefully-treated and quite unconventional

truthful picture of humble domestic life, "The Grandchild;" and by Mr. L. Bernard Hall a tastefully-treated and quite unconventional little portrait of "Mrs. Bannerman" by lamplight.

Mr. T. Hope M'Lachlan's view, "On Oakham Fell" by twilight, is an admirable rendering of a grand subject, accurate in landscape draughtsmanship, large in style, and impressive. Among the most noteworthy of the small works Mr. E. A. Waterlow's delicatelytoned "Connemara Sands;" Mr. W. L. Wyllie's vividly truthful study of stormy sea and sky, "A Sou'-Wester;" Mr. R. Goff's sunny sketch of the "Fish Market, Whitby;" and Mr. J. Aborn's spacious view "Above the Lleder Valley."

At the end of the East Gallery hangs a very clever but eccentri-

spacious view "Above the Lleder Valley."

At the end of the East Gallery hangs a very clever but eccentrically-treated full-length portrait of "Hugh Christopher," by Mr. J. J. Shannon. The face of the boy is life-like and his attitude spontaneous; but he occupies only a small space on the canvas, and the enormous white, fleecy skin on which he is seated is undefined in form, loosely handled, and, when seen from a little distance, quite incomprehensible. It is long since Mr. H. J. Stock has produced anything so good as his large allegory, "The Release." Besides the originality of conception and imaginative power which it shows, it has many valuable qualities of Art. The two female figures—one stretched lifeless on a rock in the shadowed foreground, and the other, typifying her disembodied spirit, with upraised arms rising in the air, and illumined by a preternatural light—are admirably arranged as regards harmony of line, and, if not drawn with absolute Academic accuracy, show a fine feeling for abstract beauty of form. A striking contrast to this is sear in Mr. C. N. show a fine feeling for abstract beauty of form. A striking contrast to this is seen in Mr. C. N. Kennedy's realistic picture of a very commonplace naked boy, with an abnormally large head, plucking limpets from a rock. The attitude of the figure is rather awkward, and all the individual peculiarities of the artist's chosen model have apparently been depicted with uncompromising fidelity. Mr. Edwin Hayes's large sea-coast picture, "Tantallon," Mr. Keeley Hawwelle's "On the Banks of the Ouse," Mr. Orrock's "Near Kegworth," and Mr. Cotman's "Sunset" have the distinguishing qualities of their respective styles, but present no especially novel feature. Mr. J. L. Pickering's desolate mountain scene, "Eskdale," is on a larger scale than any of his previous works, and is painted in a correspondingly broad, firm, and vigorous style. It is the best picture he has produced, remarkable alike for its fine quality of colour, its faithful delineation of natural fact, and comprehensive truth and harmony of effect. truth and harmony of effect.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

IT is satisfactory to find that the Exhibition just opened at the Suffolk Street Gallery is very much better than the recent spring display. It contains several small figure-pictures and landscapes of more than average merit; but the contributions of three or four painters of the sea, who have lately joined the Society, constitute

its most important feature. Mr. Nelson Dawson, who hitherto worked chiefly in water-colour and on a small scale, shows power of an unexpected kind in his large picture, "A Sunset Breeze." It is a very strong piece of work, remarkable for its force and broad simplicity of effect, as well as for its admirable rendering of pervading atmosphere and movement. Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "We Therefore Commit His Body to the Deep" is the largest and, in many respects, the best work he has yet produced. The crew of a merchant-ship standing bare-headed on the deck, some of them bearing the body of their departed comrade, swathed in canvas, while the skipper reads the Burial Service, are depicted in a way possible only to an artist with a keen perception of human character and a practical knowledge of seafaring life. The subject is treated in a serious, simple, and thoroughly unaffected manner; and, though the lines of the composition are not very harmonious, the picture is in fairly good keeping as a whole, and conveys a strong impression of its fidelity to fact. Mr. Brangwyn also sends a smaller and more sketchy picture, "Loading Grain—Danube," full of movement and bright daylight; vivid, and at the same time harmonious in colour, and painted with admirable breadth and firmness. A large picture by a comparatively unknown artist, Mr. S. M. Laurence, entitled "L'Epave," and representing the skeleton of a large ship stranded on a desolate shore, is the most surprising work of the kind in the collection, and certainly one of the best. The sunshine on the wide stretch of sand. modified by moist mist,

of a large ship stranded on a desolate shore, is the most surprising work of the kind in the collection, and certainly one of the best. The sunshine on the wide stretch of sand, modified by moist mist, the more brilliant gleam on the distant sea, and the deep but luminous shadows are rendered with subtle skill.

Mr. John Burr, sometime President of the Society, and now an honorary member, has a picture of a slovenly little "Maid of All Work," who has fallen asleep in her kitchen, very true to Nature, and remarkable, moreover, for its broad illumination and subdued harmony of colour. Among other good genre pictures of small size are a highly-finished cottage interior, with a rather over-refined country-girl and a cat, "Watching the Kettle Boil," by Mr. Haynes King, a richly-coloured Oriental scene by Mr. Dudley Hardy, and a very characteristic study of a stage-coach driver of the olden time refreshing himself with a steaming goblet of punch in a roadside inn, called "Fortification," by Mr. Delapoer Downing. While inferior to these in all technical qualities, Mr. Theodore Cook's "A Subscription Ball" is a very true picture of low-class London life. The grimy children and the two tall slatternly girls dancing to the music of an Italian organ-grinder, the ugly old woman and the boys lookof an Italian organ-grinder, the ugly old woman and the boys looking on, are strikingly life-like and natural. The picture bears evidence of close and searching observation, and while every individual part of it is depicted with realistic fidelity, it is entirely free from exaggeration.



FARMERS have now threshed about two million quarters of the new wheat, and probably an equal quantity of the new barley, but oats, beans, and peas still remain for the most part in stock. The new wheat has threshed out very well in all the western counties, notably in Worcestershire, round Lichfield, in Stafford, and also in parts of Shropshire. Barley in the same districts is a bulky yield, nearly 10 per cent. over average. On the other hand, in the home counties both wheat and barley have proved rather disappointing on threshings. The returns from Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk indicate nearly, but not quite, average crops, while Lincolnshire and Nottingham have a good yield as compared with the rest of the country, but not quite a full out-turn, as judged by their own high standard. Oats seem an average crop wherever threshed. The quality of the new wheat and oats is probably rather above the average, though there is great variety. Weight of wheat seems to range between 62 and 63 bushels on well-farmed land. There is a superabundance of stained and dark barley, which, but for these drawbacks, would have been favourably regarded by maltsters. Consequently we have secondary malting barley falling in price, while fine malting above it in value, and also grinding, below it, are advancing. Beans and peas were mostly secured in good condition, and should pay their growers. Yield per acre was a full average.

The MOST STRIKING DISCOVERY made in agricultural chemistry FARMERS have now threshed about two million quarters of the

growers. Yield per acre was a full average.

The Most Striking Discovery made in agricultural chemistry of recent years has been declared to be those investigations by which it is found that some plants can by indirect means take nitrogen from the atmosphere, thus restoring to us in a useable form what is taken away whenever, by burning or other process, we let nitrogen pass from a combined condition into the elementary, or unuseable state. Sir John Lawes is of opinion that leguminous plants obtain nitrogen from the atmosphere through the agency of germs. Each plant, it is now inferred, requires a special microbe for its best development.

for its best development.

THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY hold their next Annual Show at Bath itself, when the Somerset Society will join in the display. The Exhibition opens on June 3rd, and lasts five days. A Cheese School will be opened at Frome next autumn, and in 1892 the Society will probably visit Swansea. The Society are carrying on some important experiments with respect to mangold cultivation, and an extra 300% has just been voted to continue this valuable branch of research. Mr. Story Maskelyne, M.P., has been elected President of the Society.

THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, speaking the other day at Driffield, quoted an array of statistics proving that there was a general improvement in British production of live-stock. The agricultural policy of the Government, he said, was beginning to

general improvement in British production of live-stock. The agricultural policy of the Government, he said, was beginning to inspire confidence among our breeders and producers. The right method of providing a cheap food supply was, he said, to guard home-bred stock against imported foreign disease. At present, dairy produce to the value of twenty-one millions sterling was annually imported into these islands. Much that these figures represented might be produced at home, especially by Irish farmers, whose country was peculiarly adapted for dairy-farming. Mr. Chaplin concluded by stating that the light railways designed for agricultural Ireland by Mr. Balfour would enable many regions, now almost isolated, to sell their farm-produce at a profit in the more populous isolated, to sell their farm-produce at a profit in the more populous

districts

LEAN CATTLE, as we are now assured, are not the "raw material' of fat meat. The raw material of fat meat, says the Field, is maize, cotton, and other cake and cheap feeding stuffs, adapted best to eke out the home-grown roots. The store, or lean cattle, are only the machinery for conversion, and very wasteful slow machinery the majority of them are, turning out from a ton of swedes and hay fewer stones of eight pounds of second-quality carcase than better machinery in better order would turn out of stones of four-teen pounds. There is no hemp or cotton-spinner who would succeed in his business if he had to work up his raw material with antiquated machinery; yet it seems to be thought business-like to succeed in his business it he had to work up his raw material with antiquated machinery; yet it seems to be thought business-like to work up for market costly roots and hay with animals of impaired digestion, and whose flesh when superimposed is only of second digestion, and whose flesh when superimposed is only of second and third quality after all.

AGRICULTURE may not have all the virtues claimed for it by eulogists from the days of Virgil—or we might say Hesiod—downwards. But the *Farming World* is assuredly not without reason, when it indicates the artificial life of our great cities a

nourishing vice already acquired, while an enforced return to an agricultural existence might reasonably be expected to prove a species of germicide in this matter. "Agriculture tends towards improvement of health, evenness of temper, and tranquillity of mind. It removes sights and sounds affording temptation, offers an inducement to usefulness and profit, and gives a taste for natural scenery and an insight into Nature's operations." Agricultural colonies for criminals whose faults have arisen from their vicious environment in cities seem to be among the remedial measures of a future rapidly nearing us.

The BIGGEST ASH TREE in the United Kingdom appears to be that which stands, or recently stood, at Donway, near Clare, in Galway. This tree, as measured by Mr. W. H. Patterson, had a girth of forty-two feet circumference four feet from the ground, and at six feet up measured thirty feet. Lord de Vesci's home-farm at Abbeyleix boasts of an oak measuring just half this girth at the same height. The Whitton cedar, described by Ablett, was sixteen feet in circumference seven feet from the ground, while the Norbury oak, described by Dr. Pott, had a circumference of forty-five feet. nourishing vice already acquired, while an enforced return to an

oak, described by Dr. Pott, had a circumference of forty-five feet. This, however, was close to the ground. Arthur Young speaks of ash trees as growing very fast in Ireland, and attaining a great height, but he gives no measurements of circumference.

#### NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

EXPECTATION was aroused by the announcement that Mr. Froude would write "Lord Beaconsfield" for Messrs, Sampson Low's series of "The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria." That expectation has not been disappointed. With rare exceptions experiation has not been disappointed. With rare exceptions indeed, the historian makes no use of absolutely new material; but he does ample justice to a remarkable career by skilful literary treatment. Still, Mr. Froude has been permitted a hasty perusal of letters written to Disraeli by Mrs. Brydges William, the wealthy Jewish lady, who conceived for him so romantic an attachment, made him her heir, and now lies beside him at Hughenden. Here is Lord Beaconsfield writing on September 12th, 1862.—"Since I wrote to you last, we have launched in the lake two beautiful cypnets, to whom we have given the names of Hero and Leander. They are a source to us of unceasing interest and amusement. They are very handsome and very large, but as yet dove-coloured. I have a very landsome and very large, but as yet dove-coloured. I have struggles. Here I see nothing but trees or body the struggles of the same lay he writers. What a reror to consider it and to despise the news of my swans." Again, in December of the same year to the same lay he writers. What a reror to consider it and the most good of rapid and brilliant evairs. What a reror to consider it and the most powerful people in the world, male and female, a few years back. "Enther on, about the Prince of Wales's wedding, he specified with the proper of the same stack." Further on, about the Prince of Wales's wedding, he specified with the same states of the same states of the same states of the same states. The Chamberlain showed me in confidence the weapon with which he had furnished himself. He took out of his pocket a beautiful white satin slipper which had been given him for the occasion by the Duchess of Brabant. Alas! when the hour arrived his courage failed him." Generally, Mr. Froude's view is that though Lord Beaconsfield made no lofty pretensions, his aims were always, perhaps, something higher than he professed. "At least," observes the writer, "he was a Hebrew to the end, and of all his triumphs perhaps the most satisfying was the sense that a member of th

experience as only a gifted and practised writer can.

THE SWISS RAILWAYS intend to introduce the zone-tariff for passengers, now that the system proves so successful in Austro-Hungary. During the first year of the zone-tariff in Hungary, the various lines carried over thirteen million passengers against some five millions during the previous twelvemonth.

#### PROFESSOR KOCH,

PROFESSOR KOCH,

Whose discovery of a supposed cure for consumption is exciting so much interest, was born at Klausthal on December 11th, 1843. From 1862 to 1866 he studied medicine at the University of Gottingen. On taking his degree he became Assistant-Surgeon in the General Hospital at Hamburg, and afterwards practised privately at Langenhagen, in Hanover, and at Rackewitz, in Posen. In 1872, having been appointed District-Surgeon at Wallstein, in Bomst, he began his bacteriological investigations, which soon resulted in his being appointed a member of the Imperial Board of Health. About this time he discovered the "Färbenmethod," or colour method of microscopical investigation, by means of which he, in 1882, discovered the tubercle bacillus. This he was able to breed outside the bodies of animals, and by its means he produced tuberculosis in animals. In 1883 he was appointed a Privy Councillor, and given the direction of the German Cholera Commission, which visited Egypt and India. He now discovered the so-called "comma" cholera bacillus, and for his services received a gift of 100,000 marks (5,000/). Two years later he went to France to make further investigations in regard to the cholera bacillus, and on his return was appointed Professor of the newly-founded Institute of Hygiene in Berlin. Since then he has devoted himself unceasingly to the study of bacteriology. The discovery of a cure for consumption, which he now claims to have made, has naturally been met with a considerable amount of incredulity, and it is too early to speak with certainty regarding it. Already, however, more than one hundred patients have submitted themselves to the new treatment, and on the result of their cases much will depend. Meanwhile, there is talk of erecting a Bacteriological Institute in Berlin, to be placed under the discoverer's direction. Dr. Koch is the author of several important medical works.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. C. Schaarwächter 130, Leipziger Strasse, Berlin, and for the foregoing particulars

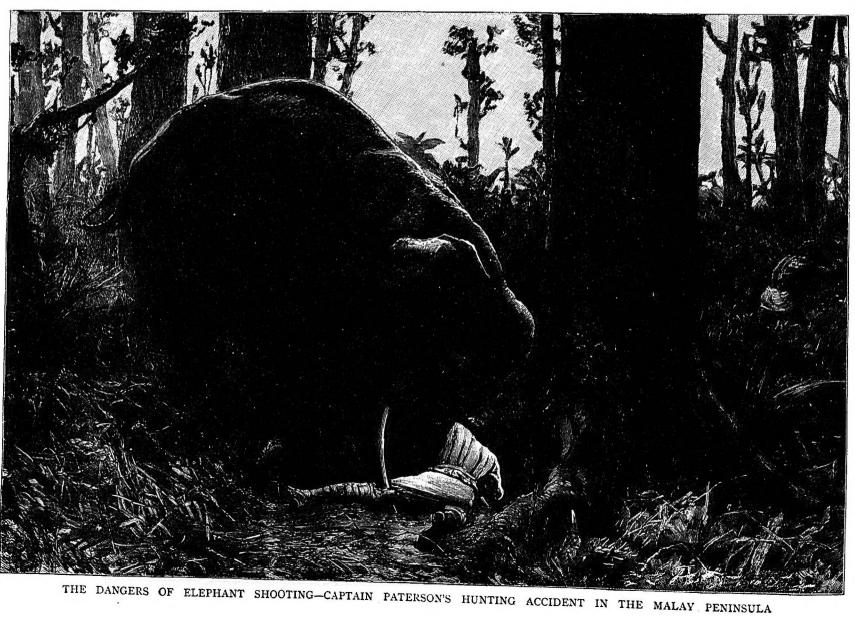


DR. ROBERT KOCH, OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE, BERLIN, DISCOVERER OF THE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

#### GORED BY AN ELEPHANT

GORED BY AN ELEPHANT

The accident depicted in our illustration occurred to Captain Stanley Paterson, of the First Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Accompanied by Lieutenant Sutherland, he was out shooting in an unfequented part of the Malacca Peninsula. The jungle here is composed almost entirely of "damma" trees, which have a long red stem running up fifty feet without branches, and at the bottom spread out into buttress-like butts. Captain Paterson fired at a "rogue" elephant, but his four-bore rifle, which he was resting on one of these buttresses, missed fire. The "rogue" charged right against the buttress, and then turned on Captain Paterson, who, as a last resource, clubbed the huge rifle and struck the elephant on the head. Fortunately, in so doing, he turned aside the tusk, which, instead of meeting him straight, struck him in the groin, spinning him round, and knocking him flat on his face and hands. While in this position, the elephant followed up his charge, drove his right tusk through Captain Paterson's left thigh, the tusk entering behind just above the knee, and coming out in front just below the groin. Feeling he was not yet done for, Captain Paterson put up both hands above his head and by luck caught hold of the left tusk, to which he clung with all his might. Twice the elephant went down on his knees, trying to crush him to death, and each time driving the tusk further into the thigh. Suddenly he put his trunk round Captain Paterson's body, and flung him away some thirty feet, and upon Lieutenant Sutherland now coming up with the gun-bearers, the elephant made off into the jungle. Lieutenant Sutherland did his best for his friend, but it was twenty-seven hours before the latter could obtain any water beyond what Lieutenant Sutherland how coming up with the gun-bearers, the elephant made off into the jungle. Lieutenant sutherland squeezed out of plants into his mouth. However, though Captain Paterson had, besides the external wound, suffered severe internal injuries, he has now returned hom



### THE DEARTH OF VOLUNTEER OFFICERS

THE present half-century has been productive of many new institutions which will distinctly leave their mark on the history of the world; and, as far as our country is concerned, the rise, general progress, and development of the Volunteer movement is one of the most important. Nothing approaching to it has ever been attempted by any nation; and its increased numerical strength and improved efficiency are creditable to the Volunteers themselves and to those officers of high rank in the regular army who have encouraged them in their originally difficult and uphill task by undertaking their originalisation and instruction. It may now be regarded as a permanent part of the armed forces of the country, and one which can be relied anyon, in case of need, to contribute very materially to the successful defence of our shores against any probable invader, or even to deter an enemy from making any such attempt.

We possess, now serving in the ranks, and to a much larger extent in those who have passed through them, a force of non-commissioned institutions which will distinctly leave their mark on the history of

in those who have passed through them, a force of non-commissioned

We possess, now serving in the ranks, and to a much larger extent in those who have passed through them, a force of non-commissioned officers and men quite adequate to our requirements, but unhappily the supply of the right kind of men to fill the commissioned ranks is not equal to the demand; most battalions are much under their establishment of officers, and the number of applications for commissions is falling off every year.

The cause of this is not difficult to explain. When the movement, as a national one, commenced in 1859, it was supported mainly by the upper and middle classes; no pecuniary help from the Government was anticipated, and every man who joined was prepared to pay for his arms and outfit, and to contribute to the other expenses necessary to start and maintain a Volunteer battalion. They were mostly ignorant of drill, and had little knowledge of military discipline, with the exception, of course, of those retired officers of the regular army, who were very glad to "soldier" once more, and to instruct their inexperienced comrades. In a short time, when a vacancy for a commission occurred, each battalion contained any quantity of men qualified by their means and social position to fill it, and consequently there was no difficulty in officering their battalions, and no necessity to go outside to find men it for the work.

But circumstances have considerably changed since the commen fit for the work.

But circumstances have considerably changed since the com-But circumstances have considerably changed since the commencement of the movement. When it was found that the prospect of invasion was not imminent, hundreds and thousands of the original Volunteers retired, and gradually their places have been taken by the working men and the class immediately above them; in fact, it is not over-estimating the case to say that nineteentwentieths of the force is now composed of those men, and very excellent material they contain for a trustworthy defensive army.

Experience has shown that it is not desirable to take officers from the rauks of battalions thus composed, and we have to look outside for young men willing to learn the duties of officers and to perform them in such a way as will give confidence to those serving under them, and who are able to afford the necessary expenses of equipment, &c. A sufficient number of such men is not to be found;

ment, &c. A sufficient number of such men is not to be found; the want is an increasing one, and the authorities, if they wish to maintain the Volunteer force, should do something to enhance the maintain the Volunteer force, should do something to enhance the value of a Volunteer commission. At present, I regret to say, it does not receive the respect which I venture to think is its due. The public generally regard the Volunteers with a good-natured tolerance, and occasionally chaff them for "playing at soldiers," because they do not know how much really good work they do, and how anxious they are to learn their duties, and what sacrifices they make, both in time and money, to fit themselves for the responsibilities they have undertaken. I have no hesitation in saying that a great many Volunteer officers are thoroughly qualified for their sibilities they have undertaken. I have no hesitation in saying that a great many Volunteer officers are thoroughly qualified for their position, and have a knowledge of their duties for which few people give them credit. Young men anxious to obtain commissions are afraid of the expense, and it is sometimes suggested that uniforms should be of the simplest and commonest descriptions on this account. From this view I emphatically dissent. A complete outfit will cost from 30/. to 50/1, and I do not think that it is desirable to seek for officers who are not in a position to find such a sum, either out of their own resources or by the assistance of their relatives.

Everything should be done by commanding officers to keep down

will cost from 30% to 50%, and 1 do not think that it is desirable to seek for officers who are not in a position to find such a sum, either out of their own resources or by the assistance of their relatives.

Everything should be done by commanding officers to keep down the annual expenses. They should rigidly set their faces against company suppers at the expense of the officers. Such things are not necessary, and should only be allowed by permission of the commanding officer, which I don't think should be given unless at least two-thirds of the company or battery undertake to be present, and to pay a due share of the expenses. Another unnecessary piece of extravagance is giving a considerable amount of money prizes for shooting at company meetings. It is desirable that such should be held, as they tend to improve the general average shooting throughout a battalion. But here, I think, the commanding officer should fix a maximum sum both for captains and subalterns, so as to put a stop to the competition which sometimes exists as to the value of the company prizes, and giving an unfair advantage to some officers endowed with better means than their comrades. The expense of holding a Volunteer commission is generally overrated, and all necessary expenses should be controlled by the commanding officer who, in most cases, may be relied upon to keep them within due bounds.

I have frequently heard it made use of as an excuse for not taking a Volunteer commission that it absorbs so much of a man's leisure, occupies his evenings, and takes away his Saturday half-holiday; that it interferes with cricket, and boating, and lawn-tennis in the summer, and football and other sports in the winter. But this is a poor argument, and not worth serious discussion. A Volunteer is not required to be on duty every day, and can quite easily make his necessary work fit in with his amusements, and add zest to both.

Only those who have had experience know what enjoyment can be got out of a week's soldicing at Aldershot, Strensall, or

headquarters; the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men have a bronzed and healthy look, and a firm, though elastic step, showing the advantage they have gained by going through a course of military discipline and regular training.

By the establishment of Schools of Instruction, Examinations in Tactics and Signalling, the War Office authorities have done something to impart military knowledge to Volunteer officers, and these have not been slow to make use of those advantages, and many would not be unwilling to extend their studies if any compensation could be given in the way of enhancing the value of their commissions in the eyes of the public. It has been suggested that if their conditions of service were the same as those of militia officers, their positions would be improved, but, while this would attract some, it is probable that many might be deterred by the extra responsibilities they would incur.

There are signs that some such idea finds favour with the authorities, but they will have to be quite sure of their ground between the same and the surface of their ground between the same and the surface of their ground between the same and the surface of their ground between the same and the surface of their ground between the same and the surface of their ground between the same and the surface of their ground between the same and the surface of their ground between the same and the surface of th

There are signs that some such idea finds favour with the authorities, but they will have to be quite sure of their ground before they change the vital principles under which the Volunteer movement has prospered; all alterations in this direction must be made with the greatest caution, and after consulting with made with the greatest caution, and after consulting with experienced Volunteer commanding officers. But the question of experienced Volunteer commissions does not rest entirely with the filling up the vacant commissions does not rest entirely with the authorities or commanders of battalions, or even depend upon the

### THE GRAPHIC

way in which the public regard such commissions—it rests, in the first instance, with the class of men who, from their position, ought to come forward and officer the Volunteers, or they will have their places taken by men from a lower stratum of society, to the detriment of the service, and, I think, to the discredit of the young men of the present generation of the upper and middle classes. A writer in the Volunteer Service Gazette, of November 1st, states, I think with great truth: "Promotion from the ranks does not produce the best type of officers for the Volunteer army. One of the oldest traditions of the British army is that its officers should be 'gentlemen'—i.e., men of social status, refinement, and good feeling, and be drawn from stations of society above the level of the private soldier."

The Volunteer army needs just the same type of officer. Now, if these are not forthcoming in sufficient numbers, shall we not have inevitably to come to the conclusion that public spirit and a desire to serve the country are not so strong in the breasts of young

The working classes have nobly done their duty, and should be honoured for it; and it remains with those who ought to be their leaders, to show by their example that they place public requirements before ease and luxury, and are prepared to sacrifice some little of their leisure and amusements to learn their duty as Citizen soldiers. It will be a slur upon the young men of the present soldiers. It will be a slur upon the young men of the present generation of the classes which I have indicated if History has to record that our Volunteer movement first became weakened, and then dissolved, because they had not sufficient patriotism to arouse them to the self-denial necessary to their doing their share towards maintaining the honour of their Queen and country.

ROBERT W. ROUTLEDGE, Colonel, 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers,

31, Great Smith Street, Westminster, November, 1890.

#### HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL

CHRISTMAS is indeed coming. Already there lies before us this ever-welcome volume. The Brothers Dalziel have, as usual, enlisted a strong force of authors and illustrators under their tanner. J. F. Sullivan is, as usual to the fore with an introduction showing how Fanny and the Earl were made one through their joint interest in—need we say?—the "Annual;" Bernard Partridge humorously depicts the fate of a gentleman who began to read George Meredith and ended with "The Child's First Picture Book;" Gordon Thomson illustrates "Our Matrimonial Agency" and "Hypnotism Extraordinary" in his customary daring fashion,



HYPNOTISM EXTRAORDINARY .- THE G.O.M. FANCIES HE IS A BOY AGAIN.

and among the other contributors are such well-known names as G. R. Sims, Godfrey Turner, Paul Meritt, George Grossmith, Miss Clo Graves, Charles G. Leland, and the Brothers Dalziel themselves. Truly a wonderful shilling's-worth. Our other illustration is by F. Pegram, and is taken from "Account Rendered," a pleasing poem by H. Chance Newton, which shows clearly that Marriage is not always a Failura. not always a Failure.



"Soon it seemed my importance was waning— The Stranger, though small, now held sway— Yet still—'spite of inward complaining, My love somehow grew day by day."

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS :

III.

DOUGHTY deeds, real and imaginary, are served up at this season as the standing dish to satisfy boyish appetite. "All true," is the motto of a fresh volume of Messrs. Cassell's "The World of Adventure," with its stirring records of heroism and strange incidents in divers countries and many ages, varying from battle-scenes, shipwrecks, Alpine ascents, and encounters with savages, bandits, and wild beasts, to perils by flood and fire, poison and exploration. Fully illustrated, the book will entrance lovers of excitement. Next come the mixtures of fact and fiction. The Rev. E. N. Hoare has lost no time in utilising a popular subject of the day, for his "Lennard's Leader" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), combines the history of the Emin Relief Expedition with the hero's adventures, although none of the Stanley force are introduced

save Tippoo Tib. The result is a little patchy, and certainly not equal to Mr. Hoare's previous historical tales. But Mr. Henty's sketch of Cortez in Mexico, "By Right of Conquest" (Blackie), is the best of his four books published this season, picturesque and warm in colouring as the country it describes, with just the right proportion of history and romance. Thus the Devonshire lad's experiences among the Aztecs and his love-affairs lighten the more sombre episodes of the Spanish cruelties and hardships. Contrasting sharply with Mr. Henty's brisk, practical style, comes one of Dr. George Macdonald's metaphysical character-studies, "A Rough Shaking" (Blackie), dreamy and improbable at times, yet breathing the earnestness of purpose and strong religious feeling which invariably mark his writings. It is a painful picture of human suffering and oppression, with a very unreal hero, but the descriptions of Clare's protectorate of baby, dog, and a graceless little tramp, show the true artist's hand.—We descend to a less ideal plane of life in "The Lost Explorer" (Ward and Downey), although there is romance enough in the search for the missing father among the stony wilds of Central Australia. Mr. J. F. Hogan well maintains the interest, and the lads will grow most excited over the difficulties of rescuing the lost Englishman from the native Queen who rules a semi-civilised race in the desert oasis.—More likely adventures fall to the lot of the two Australian lads who get "bushed" whilst hunting "The White Kangaroo" (Wells Gardner), and fall amongst the blacks, but E. Davenport Cleland's narrative is none the less entertaining for being founded on fact.—Still roving at the other side of the world, the boys will meet some old friends seeking "Coral and Cocca-Nut" (S.P.C.K.) in Samoa. Mr. F. Frankfort Moore once piloted the passengers of the Fire Fly to encounter the New Guinea head-hunters, and now he leads them to fresh exploits amongst natives, pirates, and other dangers. Mr. Moore might shorten his dialogue with ad boy-readers the Rev. Erskine Clarke edits some good sensible short tales, dealing mostly with soldiers and sailors on active service, and in relation to their village homes—"Abbot's Cleeve;" "Going for a Soldier," and "Gregory of the Foretop" (Wells Gardner). A useful trio of the parish library type.

Younger lads will like to follow two nice frank specimens of English boyhood through a quintet of small volumes from Messrs. Wells Gardner. Herein the author of "Honor Bright" will tell them how Tom and Pertie enjoyed a farmhouse visit and caught a

Wells Gardner. Herein the author of "Honor Bright" will tell them how Tom and Bertie enjoyed a farmhouse visit and caught a burglar in "Hardy and Foolhardy;" went to school and became devoted friends with an odd character in "Larry's Luck;" misjudged two of their school companions in "Tom's Opinion"—a pathetic episode; spent a Christmas holiday with a delightful old colonel in "Halt," and finally had an exciting trip through the Mediterranean in "All's Well,"—Varying boyish characters are contrasted in "The Young Squire" (S.P.C.K.), whose reform of a violent temper is nicely told by Lady Dunboyne. Next, a pleasant family chronicle, by the author of "Honor Bright," suits both boys and girls alike, depicting the troubles and adventures brought into family chronicle, by the author of "Honor Bright," suits both boys and girls alike, depicting the troubles and adventures brought into a large schoolroom party by "Two Blackbirds" (Wells Gardner), a pair of decidedly unpleasant West Indian cousins. The same authoress draws a pretty picture of boy and girl devotion in "Five, Ten, and Fifteen" (Wells Gardner), with its sad ending; while in a lower grade of Society, much the same friendship appears in "Everybody's Business" (Blackie), where Ismay Thorn illustrates neighbourly love and goodwill among the poor.—The feminine side has all the honour and glory in "Mabel's Holiday" (S.P.C.K.), by "E. M." and "A. H.," for the small heroine traps two burglars all by herself.—A pretty little nursery book comes from the same Society, "Godfrey of the Cradle," with short stories for tiny folk, ornamented with dainty, coloured pictures.

short stories for tiny folk, ornamented with dainty, coloured pictures.

Scenes of village life provide several pleasant homely novelettes for girls. Here is the foolish rustic maiden falling in love with the town gentleman, and finding, by dire experience, that "Least Said Is Soonest Mended" (Nisbet), a taking story by Agnes Giberne.—Margaret, the "Pearl in the Shell" (S.P.C.K.), by Austin Clare, is of nobler material, and passes better through her love affairs, finally winning the man who once thought her too ignorant and countrified for his wife.—Another sterling country damsel, "Hope" (same publisher), by Mabel Fowler, reclaims her lover from drinking habits, while a charming unselfish heroine, who comes in a snowstorm to "The Farm on the Down" (Hodder and Stoughton), by Anne Beale, produces peace and reconciliation all round, and obtains a rich guardian and fond husband for a reward.—If a Confirmation story should be wanted, Edith Dauglish embodies good lessons in a simple well-toned tale of girlish improvement, "Gladys" (S.P.C.K.).—It is to girls, too, that birthday books mostly appeal, and the tasteful volume, "Names We Love and Places We Know" (Hazell, Watson, and Viney), is somewhat of a novelty, adding to its poetic extracts and space for autographs, local photographs according to the home of the owner. The present copy contains London views, others include those of the chief holiday resorts—such as Brighton, Eastbourne, &c.

Our list of annuals includes Sunday (Wells Gardner), The Rosebud Annual (Clarke), The Dawn of Day, and The Child's Pictorial (S.P.C.K.), The Sunday at Home, and The Leisure Hour (Religious Tract Society), Sunshine (Stoneman), and Home Words (Home Words office).

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. ALFRED T. CHANDLER has no reason to blush for the little volume of verse which is published under the title "Songs of the Sunland" (E. S. Wigg and Son, Adelaide). The author, of course, hails from the Antipodes. Very wisely, therefore, he has endeavoured to be Australian in spirit as well as in colour, since he holds that the writers of his new land should avoid as far as possible imitating or competing with those of older countries. Mr. Chandler seeks to be himself and to reflect the atmosphere of his surroundings, and he appears to us to have more than maintained the promise which some three years ago we observed in his work, "A Bush Idyll and Other Poems." There is no claptrap, platitude, or pretentious nonsense in his verses. The poet has a light, graceful movement at times, which calls up the lyrists of our Stuart time. For example, in "Flossie's Fairies," which, Mr. Chandler modestly tells us, is meant for the children, he recounts the voyage of the Fairies, driven from England through fear of the giants Electricity, Fairies, driven from England through fear of the giants Electricity, Steam, Print, Knowledge, and Science:—

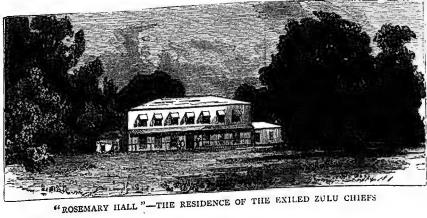
One day the elves for aye had gone, And English glades looked not so sweet Without the fall of fairy feet And smiles of Mab and Oberon, With all their merry train. With all their merry train.
They'd found seashells, with sails of floss,
That took them o'er the ocean main
To lands where beam the Southern Cross,
So now they dwell on Austral hills, And dance along the gully rills ; There they have made with dainty hand A brighter, greater, elfin land.

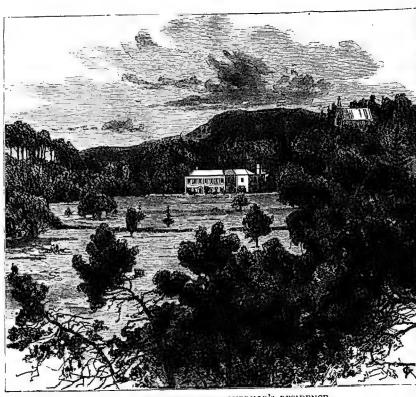
The same joy and pride in Australia-surely there is more gladness in it than in the American sense of self-glorification—comes out in "Love or Fame," where we are told of the journey of the Sun-God to the great southern island, because :-

Bright Apollo, weary of sweet pipes and homage Of his simple shepherds in Arcadian meadows, Tired, too, of lordly love and godly pleasures. Longed for quiet ease across the shining waters.

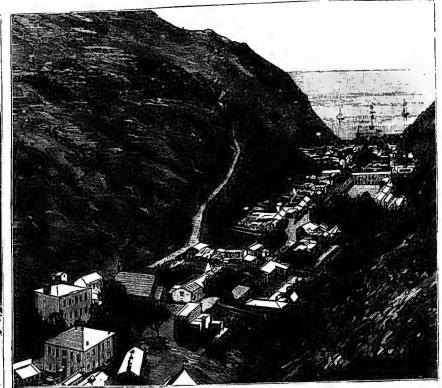


"LONGWOOD," THE HOUSE WHERE NAPOLEON DIED

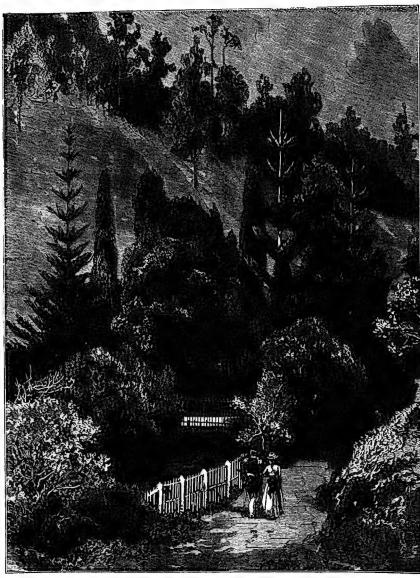




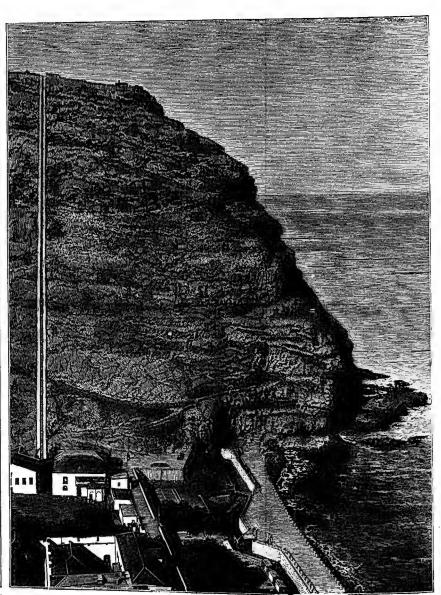
PLANTATION HOUSE-THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE



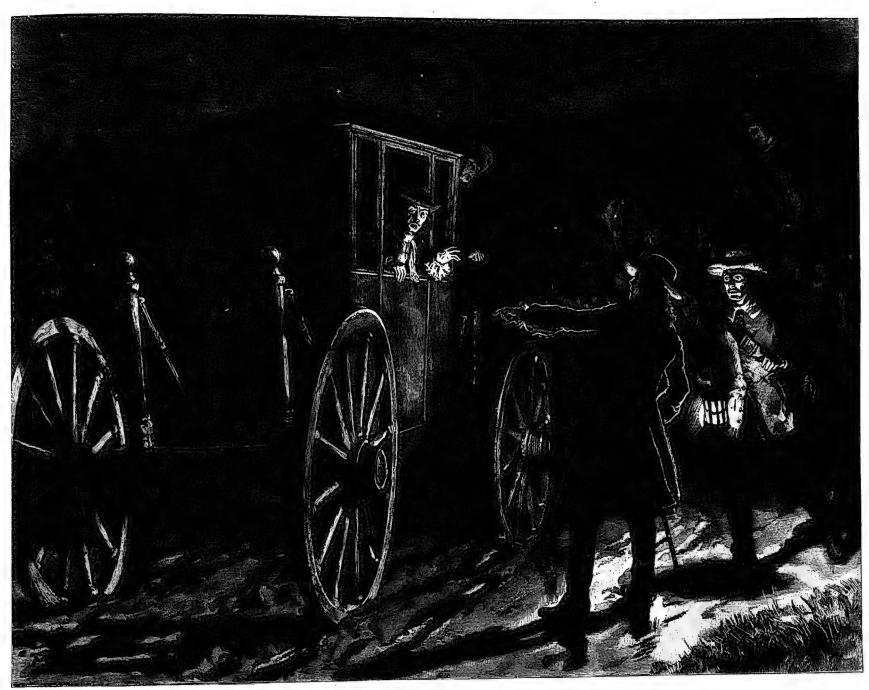
JAMESTOWN, FROM THE SIDE PATH, LOOKING NORTH



NAPOLEON'S TOMB



LADDER HILL, ON WHICH IS SITUATED THE GARRISON AND SIGNAL STATION



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"Are you aware that the boot-flap behind is down"

#### DARTMOOR" "URITH: A TALE OF

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

#### CHAPTER XLIII. AN EXPIRING CANDLE

WHEN Squire Cleverdon arrived at Hall, he found there awaiting him a man booted, spurred, whip in hand, bespattered with mire. The old man asked him his business without much courtesy, and the man replied that he had ridden all day from Exeter with a special latter far. special letter for Master Cleverdon, which he was ordered to deliver

into his hands, and into his alone.

Old Cleverdon impatiently tore away the string and broke the seal that guarded the letter, opened it, and began to read. Then, before he had read many lines, he turned ghastly white, reeled, and sank against the wall, and his hands trembled in which he held the page. He recovered himself almost immediately, sufficiently to give orders for the housing and entertainment of the messenger; and then he retired to his private room, or office, into which he locked

orders for the housing and entertainment of the messenger; and then he retired to his private room, or office, into which he locked himself. He unclosed a cabinet that contained his papers, and, having kindled a light, brought forth several bundles of deeds and books of accounts, and spread them on the table before him. Some of the documents were old and yellow, and were written in that set counthand that had been devised to make what was written in it unintelligible save to the professionals. Squire Cleverdon took pen and a clean sheet of paper and began calculations upon it. These did not afford him much satisfaction. He rose, took his candle, opened and relocked the door, and ascended the stairs to his bedroom, where he searched in a secret receptacle in the fireplace for his iron box, in which were all his savings. Thence he brought the gold he had, and, having placed the candle on the floor, began to arrange the gold coins in tens, in rows, where the light of the candle fell. After the gold came the silver, and after the silver some bundles of acknowledgments of moneys due that had never been paid, but which were recoverable.

been paid, but which were recoverable.

Having ascertained exactly what he had in cash, and what he might be able at short notice to collect, the old man replaced all in

the iron case, and reclosed the receptacle.

In the mean while, during the evening, after darkness had set in, to Bessie's great annoyance, Fox appeared. Directly he left Willsworthy, he thought it advisable to visit Hall before going home, and forestall with old Cleverdon the tidings of what had occurred. He did not doubt that the start of his attack or Anthony would be He did not doubt that the story of his attack on Anthony would be bruited about—that Anthony, or Luke, or both, would tell of it, to his disadvantage, and he determined to relate it his own way at once, before it came round to the ears of the Squire, wearing another complexion from that which he wished it to assume. "You desire to see my father," said Bessie. "He is engaged, he is in his room; he would not be disturbed."
"I must see him, if but for a minute."

"I must see him, if but for a minute."

Bessie went to the door and knocked, but received no answer.

She came back to the parlour. "My father is busy; he has locked himself into his room. You had better depart."

"I can wait," said Fox.

"Then you must pardon my absence. There has come a messenger this evening for my father, with a letter that has to be considered. I must attend to what is fitting for the comfort of the traveller." traveller."

When left to himself, Fox became restless. He stood up, and himself tried the door of old Anthony's apartment. It was locked. He struck at the door with his knuckles, but received no answer. Then he looked through the keyhole; it was dark within. The old man was not there, but at that moment he heard him cough upstairs. He was therefore in his bedroom, and Fox would catch him as he descended. He returned to the parlour.

Presently Bessie entered with Luke; she had gone to the door, had stood in the porch communing with herself, unwilling to be in

Presently Bessie entered with Luke; she had gone to the door, had stood in the porch communing with herself, unwilling to be in the room with her tormentor, when Luke appeared, and asked to see her father. "Verily," said she, with a faint smile, "he is in mighty request this night; you are the third who have come for him—first a stranger, then, Fox——"
"Fox here?"
"Yes he is within."

"Yes, he is within."

"I es, ne is within.
"I am glad. A word with him before I see your father, and do you keep away, Bessie, for awhile till called."
Fox started to his feet when Luke came in, but said nothing till

Bessie lest the room, then hurriedly,
"You raven—what news? But mark you. I did it in self-defence. Every man must defend his own life. When he knew that I was to take his place in Hall, he rushed on me, and I did but protect myself."
"Anthony's wound is triffing," said I uke coldly.

"Anthony's wound is trifling," said Luke, coldly.
"So! and you have come to prejudice me in the ear of his father.

"I am come with a message from Anthony to his father." "Indeed—to come and see his scratch, and a drop of blood from it; and then to clasp each other and weep, and make friends?"

"The message is not to you, but to his father."

"And—he is not hurt?

" Not seriously hurt."

"I never designed to hurt him. I did but defend my own self. I treated him as an angry boy with a knife."

"No more of this," said Luke. "Let the matter not be mentioned. I will say naught concerning it, neither do you. So is best. As for Anthony, he is away."

"Away? Whither gone?"

"Gone to-night to join Monmouth. Your father is gathering men for the Protestant cause, Anthony will be with him and them."

Fox laughed. His insolence had come back, as his fears abated.

"Faith! he has run away, because I scratched him with a pin.

At the first prick he fainted."

Luke went to the door, and called in Bessie. He could not endure the association with Fox.

"Bess!" he said, "can I see your father?—I have a message for him from Tony."

him from Tony. "He is upstairs—in his bed-room," said Bessie, "I will tell him you are here when he descends."

"Come here," exclaimed Fox, who had recovered all his audacity, and with it boisterous spirits. "Come here, Bess, my dear, and let Cousin Curate Luke know how we stand to each other."

"And, pray," said Bessie, colouring, "how do we stand to each other."

other?"
"My word! you are hot. We shall be asking him ere long to join our hands—so he must be prepared in time—he will have a pleasure in calculating the amount of his fee."

"Cousin Luke," said Bessie, "I am not sorry that he has mentioned this, for so I can answer him in your presence, and give him such an answer before you as he has had from me in private, but

would not take. Never, neither by persuasion, nor by force, shall I be got to give my consent."

In spite of his self-control, Fox turned livid with rage.
"Is that final?" he asked.
"It is final."

"We shall see," sneered he. "Say what you will, I do not

"For shame of you!" exclaimed Luke, stepping between Bessie and Fox. "If you have any good-feeling in you, do not pester her with a suit that is odious to her, and, after what has happened to-night, should, to yourself, be impossible."
"Oh!" jeered Fox; "you yourself proposed silence, and are

bursting to let the matter escape."
"Desist," said Luke. "Desist from a pursuit that is cruel to her, and which you cannot prosecute with honour to yourself."

### THE GRAPHIC

"I will not desist!" retorted Fox. "Tell me this. Who first sought to bring it about? Was it I? No. Magdalen Cleverdon was she who prepared it, then came the Squire himself. It's the Cleverdons who have hunted me—who try to catch me; not I who have been the hunter. You call me Fox, and you have been hue and tally-ho! after me."

"There is my father!" gasped Bessie, and ran from the room.

"There is my father!" gasped Bessie, and ran from the room. She found the oll man in the passage with his candle, unlocking

his sitting-room door.

"Oh, father!" she said, breathlessly, for the scene that had occurred had taken away her breath, "here is Luke come—he must see you."
"What! at night? I cannot. I am busy."

"What! at night? I cannot. I am busy.

"But, father, he has a message."

"A message? What, another? I will not see him."

"For a moment, uncle. It is a word from Anthony," said Luke, entering the passage. "One word, shall I say it here, or within?"

"I care not—if it is one word, say it here; but only one word."

He was fumbling with the key in the lock. His hand that held the candle shook, and the wax fell on his fingers and on the cuff of his safe. He had the key inserted in the door and could not turn. his coat. He had the key inserted in the door, and could not turn it in the wards.
"Very well," said Luke. "You shall have it in one word—

Never."

The old man let the key fall—he straightened himself. His voice shook with anger. "It is well. It is as I could have wished it. I take him at his word. Never. Never—let me say it again. Never, and once again never; and each never shuts a door on him for all time. Never shall he have my forgiveness. Never shall he inherit an acre or a pound of mine. Never will I speak to him another word. Nay, were he dying, I would not go to see him; could I by a word save his life, I would not do it. Go, tell him that. Now go—and Elizabeth, hold the candle. I will open the door; go in before me to my room, I'll lock the door on us both. Now all is plain. The wind has cleared away the mists, and we must settle all between us this night, with the way open before us."

He managed to unfasten the door, and he made his daughter pass in, carrying the light. Then he turned the key in the lock.

The little table was strewn with deeds and papers and books. Bessie cast a glance at it, and saw no spot on which she could set the candle. She therefore held it in her hand, standing before her father, who threw himself into his chair. She was pale, composed, and resolved. He could have nothing further to urge than what had been urged already, and she had her answer to that. The candle was short, it had swaled down into the tray, and could not burn for more than ten minutes.

"Elizabeth." said her father. "I shall not repeat what has been

had been urged already, and she had her answer to that. The candle was short, it had swaled down into the tray, and could not burn for more than ten minutes.

"Elizabeth," said her father, "I shall not repeat what has been said already. I have told you what my wishes, what my commands are. You can see in Anthony what follows on the rebellion of a child against the father. Let me see in you that obedience which leads to happiness as surely as his disobedience has brought him to misery. But I have said all this before, and I will not now repeat it. There are farther considerations which make me desire that you should take Anthony Crymes without delay." He drew a long breath, and vainly endeavoured to conceal his agitation. "I bought this place—Hall—where my forefathers have been as tenants for many generations, I bought it, but I had not sufficient money at command, so I mortgaged the estate and borrowed the money to pay for it. Then I thought soon and easily to have paid off the debt. The mortgagee did not press; but having Hall as mine own was, I found, another thing to having Hall as a tenant. My position was changed, and with this change came increased expenditure. Anthony cost much money, he was of no use in the farm, and he threw about money as he liked. But not so only. I rebuilt nearly the whole of the house; I might have spent this money in paying off the mortgage, or in reducing it, but instead of that I rebuilt and enlarged the house. I thought that my new position required it, and the old farmhouse was small and inconvenient, and ill-suited to my new position. But I had no fear. The mortgagee did not require the money. Then, of late we have had bad times, and I have had the drag of the mortgage on me. A little while ago I had notice that I must repay the whole amount. I did not consider this as serious, and I sought to stay it off. The messenger who has now come from Exeter, comes with a final demand for the entire sum. The times are precarious. The Duke of Monmouth has landed. No one knows what will

flickered because the candle shook in her hand.
"Only one thing can be done. Only you can save Hall—save

me."
"I! Oh, my father!" Bessie's heart stood still, she feared what

she should hear.

"Only you can save us," pursued the old man. "You and I will be driven out of this place, will lose Hall, lose the acres that for three centuries have been dressed with our sweat, lose the roof that has covered the Cleverdons for many generations, unless you

"But-how, father?" she asked, yet knew what the answer

You must marry Anthony Crymes at once. Then only shall we

"You must marry Anthony Crymes at once. Then only shall we be safe, for the Crymes' family will find the money required to secure Hall."

"Father," pleaded Bessie, "ask for help from some one else! Borrow the money elsewhere."

"In times such as this, when we are trembling in revolution, and none knows what the issue will be, no one will lend money. I have no friend save Squire Crymes. There is no help to be had anywhere else. Here—" said the old man, irrritably—" Here are a bundle of accounts of moneys owed to me, that I cannot get back now. I have sent round to those in my debt, and it is the same cry from all, The times are against us—wait till all is smooth, and then we will. The times are against us—wait till all is smooth, and then we will pay. In the mean time my state is desperate. I offered to Anthony but this day to forgive the past and receive him back to Hall—but the offer came too late. Hall is lost to him, lost to you, lost to me,

lost for ever, unless you say yea."

"O! Luke! Luke!" cried Bessie; "let me speak first with him;" then suddenly changed her mind and tone, "Oh, no! I must not speak to him—to him above all, about this."

"Bessie!" said the old man; his tone was altered from that which was usual to him. He had hectored and domineered over her, had shown her little kindness and small regard, but now he spoke in a subdued manner, with entreaty. "Bessie! look at my grey I had hoped that all future generations of Cleverdons would have thought of me with pride, as he who made the family; but, instead, they will curse me as he who cast it forth from its home and brought it to destruction.'

Bessie did not speak, her eyes were on the candle, the flame was

nigh on sinking, a gap had formed under the wick, and the wax was running down into the socket as water in a well.

"I have hitherto commanded, and have usually been obeyed," continued the old man, "but now I must entreat. I am to be dishonoured through my children, one—my son—has left me and taken to himself another home, and defies me in all things. My daughter, by holding out her hand, could save me and all my hopes and ambitions, and she will not. Will she have me—me, an old grey-headed father, kneel at her feet?" He put his hands to the arms of his seat to help him to rise from the chair that he might fall before her.

"Father!" She uttered a cry, and, at the shock that shuddered through her, the flaming wick sank into the socket, and there burnt blue as a lambent ghost of a flame. "O father!—wait!—wait!"

"How long am I to wait? The answer must be given to-night;
the down of our house is castled within a few bours or the word of

the doom of our house is sealed within a few hours, or the word of salvation must be spoken. Which shall it be? The messenger who is here carries my answer to Exeter, and, at the same time, if you agree the demond form license that you may be married at once agree, the demand for a licence, that you may be married at once. No delay is possible."

"Let me have an hour—in my room?"

"No: it must be decided at once."

"No; it must be decided at once."

"Oh, father—at once? She watched the blue quiver of light in the candle socket.

"Very well—when the light goes out you shall have my answer."

He said no other word, but watched her pale face, looking weird the said no other word, but watched her pale face, looking weird in the upward flicker of the dying blue flame, and her eyes rested on that flame, and the flicker was reflected in them—now bright, then faint, swaying from side to side as a tide.

Then a mass of wax fell in, fed the flame, and it shot up in a golden spiral, revealing Bessie's face completely.

"Father! I but just now said to Fox Crymes 'Never! never!"

She paused, the flamed curled over.

"Father! within a few minutes must I go forth to him and withdraw the 'Never?'" He did not answer but he nodded. She had raised her eyes from

the dying flame to look at him.

the dying flame to look at him.

Again her eyes fell on the light.

"Father! If I withdraw my 'Never,' will you withdraw yours about Anthony?—never to forgive him—never to see him in Hall—never to count him as your son?"

The flame disappeared—the old man thought it was extinguished, but Bessie saw it still as a blue-bead rolling on the molten wax; it

"Father! I do not say promise, but say perhaps."
"So be it. Perhaps."
The flame was out.

Bessie walked calmly to the door, felt for the key, turned it, went forth, still holding the extinguished candle in her hand. It was to her as if all that made life blessed and bright to her had gone out with that flame.

She went into the parlour and composedly put out her hand

"Take me," she said; "I have withdrawn the 'Never.' I am

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

#### LADING THE COACH

Fox hastened back to Kilworthy. He also knew that time was precious. His father was in a fever of excitement about the landing of Monmouth, and was certain to give him all the assistance in his power both with men and with money. Not only so, but he would so compromise himself that in the event of the miscarriage of Monmouth's venture, he would run the extremest risk of life and

ortune.

He had for some time past been acting for the Duke in enlisting men in his cause. The whole of the West of England was disaffected to the King—was profoundly irritated at his overbearing conduct, and alarmed lest he should attempt to bring the realm back to Popery. The gentry were not, however, disposed to risk anything till they saw on which side Fortune smiled. They had suffered so severely during the Civil War, and at the Restoration had encountered only neglect, so that the advisability of caution was well burnt into their minds. The Earl of Bedford, who owned a vast tract of property about Tavistock, secretly favoured Monmouth, but was indisposed to declare himself. He had not forgotten—he bitterly resented the execution of his son, Lord William Russell, for complicity in the Rye House Plot—a plot as mythical as the Popish Plot revealed by Titus Oates, and which he attributed to the resentment of the Catholic party. He was willing that Squire Crymes should act for him, and run the risk of so doing.

Fox had the shrewdness to see this, but his father was too sincere

Fox had the shrewdness to see this, but his father was too sincere an enthusiast, and too indifferent to his own fortunes to decline the functions of agent for Monmouth pressed on him by the Earl of

"What dost want? I cannot attend to thee," said Mr. Crymes,

when his son entered the room. On the table lay piled up several bags tied with twine, and sealed.
"What do I want?" retorted Fox. "Why, upon my honour, you have forestalled my thought. I came for money; and, lo!

"I am busy," said the old man. "Dost see, though it be night, I am ready for a journey? I have the coach ordered to be prepared. I must travel some way ere daydawn." "If you are going away, father, so much the more reason why you should give ear to me now."

"If you are going away, father, so much the more reason why you should give ear to me now."

"Nay, I cannot. I have much to do—many things to consider of. I would to God thou wast coming with me! But, as in the case of those that followed Gideon, only such as be whole-hearted and stout may go to the Lord's army."

"I have the best plea—a Scriptural one—for biding at home," laughed Fox; "for I am going to be married. Ere ten days be passed, Bess Cleverdon will be my wife."

"I am sorry for her. I esteem her too well," said the old man, impatiently. "But away with thy concerns; this is no time for marrying and giving in marriage, when we approach the Valley of Decision in which Armageddon will be fought. Go out into the yard and see if any be about the coach."

"I passed through the court in coming here. The coach was there—no horses, no servants."

"I must take the coach," said the old man. "I was a poor rider when young; I cannot mount a horse now in my age."

"Then verily, father, thy coach and four will be out of place in the Valley of Decision," scoffed Fox. "Of what good canst thou be in an army—in a battle—if unable to mount a horse? Stay at home, and let the storm of war blow across the sky. If thou wantest Scripture to justify thee, here it is: 'Rebellion is as the sin of witcheraft."

"The cause of true religion is in jeopardy," retorted the father. "I know what is right to be done, and I will do it. Go I must, for, though I cannot fight myself, my counsel may avail; and I bear to the Duke the very nerves of war." He pointed to the money-bags.

"I did not know thou hadst so much gold by thee, in the house."

"I did not know thou hadst so much gold by thee, in the house," said Fox, going to the table, taking up, and weighing one of the

bags.
"A hundred pound in each," said his father; "and good faith! I had not the coin. There, thou art right. But it has fallen out that the Earl of Bedford has called to mind certain debts to me, or alleged debts for timber, wool, and corn, and has sent orders to the steward to pay me for the same in gold. The Earl—" he stopped himself. "But there, I will say no more. The money is not

mine."
"What, no real debt?"

"What, no real dept:
"I say nothing. I take it with me, whether mine or not signifies naught to thee; it goes to the Duke of Monmouth."
"It concerns me, father, for I want, and must have money. I am shortly to be married, and I cannot be as a beggar. I have sent to the College of Arms for licence to change my name, and that will cost me a hundred pounds. I want the money." " I cannot let you have it."

"But it is here. Let me toll it."

"But it is nere. Let me ton it.

"Never—get thee away, I cannot attend to thee now."

"But, father; I cannot be left thus, your clearing away all the money in the house, and I about to marry, who can say but Armageddon may turn all contrary to your expectations."

Armageddon may turn an contrary to your expectations.

"Put off the marriage till I return."

"It cannot be put off. What if all goes wrong, and the land be given up to the Jesuits? What then with thy neck? What with thy money? Will either be spared. Give me, at least, the gold, and take care of thy neck thyself, then one will be sale at all events."

"If it be the Lord's will," said the old man, with a look of dignity, "I am well content. If I follow Lord William Russell's steps, I follow a good man, and die in a righteous cause. I shall seal my faith with my blood."

"And the Jesuits will lay their hands on a'l thou hast....."

And the Jesuits will lay their hands on a'l thou hast-"And the Jesuits will lay their hands on a t thou hast—"
"I have nothing. Kilworthy belongs to thy sister. As for what I have saved, it is not much. I have some bills, I have contributed to the suffering saints, I have helped the cause of the Gospel with

Interest with the suffering saints, I have helped the cause of the Gospel with my alms—" More the reason, if so much has been fooled away that this should be secured. The cause of the Gospel is the providing for thine own household, and there never yet was a more suffering saint than myself. I will lay hands on this coin, and take it as my wedding portion!" "Hands off!" shouted the old man, half drawing his sword. "Though thou art mine own son I would run thee through the body or ever thou shouldst touch this, which is for the justest, truest, holiest cause, and I am a steward that must give account for the same. I will give thee twenty pounds."

"That will not pay the clerks of the Heralds' College."

"I will not pay for that—to change the ancient name of Crymes for another."

"What! Not when the one name brings to me a vile twenty pounds, and the other name will give me a thousand pounds a year!"

year!"

"Heaven gave thee to me, for my sorrow," said the old man,
"and in giving thee to me, covered thee with my name. It is
tempting heaven to cast it off and take another. But there! I
have no time for talk. Would God I could persuade thee to draw
a sword for the good cause."

"Not a bodkin!" mocked Fox, who was very angry. The sight
of the bags of money fevered him. "But you have one after your
own heart ridden forward, and that is 'Tony Cleverdon. I heard as
much from Luke."

much from Luke."
"'Tony Cleverdon!" repeated Mr. Crymes. "I am rejoiced at Tony Cleverdon: repeated Mr. Crymes. I am rejoiced at that. Ah! would that Providence had given him to me as a son! Tony Cleverdon! That is well. He will take my place at the head of the brigade from this region. My infirmities and age will not suffer me to ride, but I will speak to the Duke, and he shall be the captain over our men from Tavistock. But come now, and be of good mind for once, and help me, lad." The old man took up one of the money bags. "I have sent the men to the kitchen for their supper, and I would remove all these to the carriage whilst they are supper, and I would remove all these to the carriage whilst they are away, as they know naught about the treasure, and it is well that they should remain ignorant. Not that I misdoubt them, they be honest men and true, and would not rob me of a shilling, but their tongues might clack at the taverns, and so it get noised that there was money in the coach, and come to the ears of scoundrels, and we be waylaid. Not but what we shall be well provided and the ment of a label be arread so also the footman on the box against them; for I shall be armed, so also the footman on the box beside the driver, and there will be two riders armed, with each a against them; for I shall be armed, so also the footman on the box beside the driver, and there will be two riders armed, with each a horse led to hitch on when we go up the hills, so as to have six to pull the coach up. And I shall have two of our recruits to go on, with carbines, ahead, and spy about, that there be no highwaymen awaiting us on the road. So! Anthony Cleverdon is gone on without tarrying for me to ask him. That is like the lad. 'Fore Heaven! even were a party of footpads to waylay us, if I said, 'Gentlemen of the Road, I am travelling for the Protestant cause, bearing specie to the camp, and we are rising against the Jesuits and the Inquisition, and the Pope of Rome, join us and march along!' I believe not one of them would touch a coin, but all would give a cheer and come along. Why, who will stay us? There is but the High Sheriff, John Rowe, is a Catholic, and perhaps three or four more among the gentry, and among the common, simple folk ne'er an one that would stay us, and not wish us God speed! Come, lend a hand with the bags; I will hold the candle. Let all be stowed away whilst the men are supping."

In the courtyard of Kilworthy stood the glass coach of Mr. Crymes—a huge and cumbrous vehicle, so cumbrous that it required four horses to draw it along the roads, and six to convey it to the top of a hill. Travelling on the highways was not smooth and swift in those days; the roads were made by filling the ruts with unbroken stones of all sizes, unbroken as taken off the fields. Where there was a slough, faggots were laid down, and the horses stumble! over the faggots and soused into the mire between them as best they could. Travelling in saddle was in those days slow, especially in wet weather, but travelling in a coach was a snail-like progress, and the outrunners had not to exert themselves extraordinarily to

wet weather, but travelling in a coach was a smil-like progress, and the outrunners had not to exert themselves extraordinarily to distance the horses, for they could trip along on the turf at the side of the ways, which were part slough, part rubble-beds of torrents, without the inconvenience and perils that assailed the travellers on wheels

Mr. Crymes always journeyed in his coach, for, owing to an internal malady, he was unable to sit a horse; but a coach-journey tried him greatly, owing to his age, and the jolting he went through in his conveyance.

The courtyard was deserted, the monstrous vehicle looked in the darkness like a hearse, so black and massive was it, only the flicker from the reflection of the light relieved its sombreness as Mr. Crymes crept round to the back with his lantern, and a bag of gold under one arm. Fox sulkily obeyed his father. At the back of the carriage was

the boot that had a flap which, when unlocked, fell down. The old man fumbled for and produced the key, unfastened the receptacle, and thrust his bag inside.

"Now give me thine, and go for two more," said he, "and I will tick home of imme.

note-book as they are placed in the boo "It is a pity, father," said Fox, "that you have not a stouter

lock."
"Nay, it sufficeth," answered Mr. Crymes. "None will know and the chance is not like to what is fastened within. If we were—and the chance is not like to come—overpowered by highwaymen, I trow they would demand the key and open the boot though the lock were twice as strong. My own luggage shall travel in the front boot. Go, lad, fetch me more of the gold. Even in the best cause men will fight faintly unless they be paid."

Fox obeyed, and brought all the bags in pairs to the carriage, and saw the old man stow them away. He was in an ill-humour, and cursed his father's folly in his heart.

"How if the venture fails?" he asked, "and then you be led to Tyburn. It will be a sorry end to have lost all this gold as well as thy life. Thy life is thine own to throw away, but the gold I may thy life. Thy life is thine own to throw away, but the gold I may claim a right to. I am thy son, I want it, I am about to be married. and have a use for the money; now it will all go into the pockets of wretched country clowns, who will shoulder a musket and trail a pike for a shilling—if it were given to me, I could put it to good

"Come with me to my study," said the old man. "Here come

Jock and Jonas from the kitchen. Come along with me, and thou shall have twenty pound in silver and gold, and a hundred more in bills that may be discounted when the present troubles are

over."
"I will ride with thee, father, some part of the road as thy guard -till the day-break,'

#### CHAPTER XLV.

UNLADING

THE hour was past midnight and before dawn when the great couch of Squire Crymes approached the long hill of Black Down. The road from Plymouth to Exeter was one of singular loneliness The road from Plymouth to Exeter was one of singular loneliness for a considerable part of its course, but in no part did it traverse country so desolate and apart from population as in the stretch, a posting stage between Tavistock and Okehampton, a distance of sixteen miles. It ran high up on the flanks of Dartmoor, mounting it nearly nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, with the trackless waste of the forest on one hand, and on the other a descent by ragged and rugged lanes to distant villages. Lydford, almost the sole one at all near the road, was severed from it by ravines sawn through the rock, through which the moor rivers thundered and boiled, ever engaged in tearing for themselves a deeper course.

thundered and boiled, ever engaged in tearing for themselves a deeper course.

Precisely because this track of road was the most inhospitable and removed from human haunts, was it one of the safest to travel even in the most troublous times, for no one dreamed of traversing it after nightfall, when aware that for sixteen miles he would be cut off from help in the event of a breakage of his carriage or the laming of a horse; and as no one ever thought of taking this roal except in broad day when it was fairly occupied by trains of travellers, no footpads and highwaymen thought it worth their while to try their fortunes upon it.

to try their fortunes upon it.

Roads in former days to a large extent made themselves, or were made by the travellers. In the first place the bottoms of valleys were deserted by them as much as might be, because of the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be, because of the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be, because of the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be, because of the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be, because of the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by them as much as might be a second or the bogs were deserted by the second or the bogs were deserted by t were deserted by them as much as might be, because of the bogs that were there, and the lines of communication were laid on the ridges of hills above the springs that undermined and made spongy the soil. Then the roads were traced before the enclosures were made, and originally were carried as directly as possibly from point the property of the pro made, and originary were carried as directly as possibly non-point to point. But obstacles, sometimes temporary, intervened: perhaps a slough, perhaps a rut of extraordinary depth had torn into the road, and became a nucleus of a pool; perhaps an unduly hard and obstinate prong of rock appeared after the upper surface had been worn through. Then the stream of travellers swayed to one side, and gave the course of the road a curve, which curve was followed when hedges were run up. These hedges following the curves stereotyped the line of road, which thenceforth became per-

curves stereotyped the line of road, which thenceforth became permanently irregular in course.

A roadway in those days was about as easy to go over, and to go over with expedition, as the beach of Brighton. Consequently it was slow work journeying on such highways on horseback; and it was journeying like a snail, when travelling in a coach. The outrunner had no very arduous task to outstrip the horses. He put his foot on the turf by the road-side, and tripped along at his ease, leaping the pudd es and stones which were occasional by the road-side; whereas they were continuous in the roadway.

Fox rode sulkily beside the coach, as it rolled and rocked along the highway from Tavistock to the North. The night was overcast after midnight, as it had been before the turn of the night; no wind was blowing, nor did rain fall, but the aspect was utterly sombre and uncheering. Every light was out in such houses as were passed, and not a passenger was met, or overtook the carriage that lumpered along, sending squirts of muddy water to this and that side as the wheels plunged into ruts. Fox came occasionally to the coach window, and said something to his father, and was bespattered from head to foot, boots, clothes, and face.

bestattered from head to foot, boots, clothes, and face.

Presently the point was attained where the road left the valley of the brawling Tavy and climbed Black Down. There was a directness in the way in which old roads went at hills that was in keeping with the characters of our forefathers. A height had to be surmounted, and the road was carried up it with a rush, and with none of our modern zig-zags and easy sweeps. The hill must be ascended, and the sooner it was surmounted the better. Now the great road to the North from Plymouth by Tavistock had the buge hogsback of Black Down to surmount and it made no the brawling Tavy and climbed Black Down. There was a directthe huge hogsback of Black Down to surmount, and it made no hesitating and leisurely attempts at it; it went up four hundred

teet as direct as a bow-line.

On reaching the foot of the Down, the driver paused and the footman on the box dismounted. The men with the spare horses went ahead and hitched on their beasts. Then ensued loud cries and shouts, and the cracking of whips, each man attending to a horse, and encouraging it to do its uttermost to haul the great coach up the hill. The only men who kept their places were the driver on the box and Mr. Crumes within

driver on the box, and Mr. Crymes within.

Now a good many other coaches had halted at the same spot, Now a good many other coaches had halted at the same spot, and halting there had ground away the soil, so as to make a very loose piece of road; moreover, the water falling on the road had run down it to the lowest level, and finding this rotten portion there had accumulated and done its utmost to assist the disintegration. The result was that the wheels sank in liquid mire to the axles, and six horses did little more than churn the filth and jerk the coach about coach about.

Mr. Crymes having been subjected to several violent relapses as the coach was half pulled out of the pit and then sank back again, thrust his head out of the window and called:—"Wilkey! will it not be best to have all the horses harnes ed? There is rope in the

"Well, perhaps it were best, your worship."

"Well, perhaps it were best, your worship."

Thereupon much discussion ensued, and much time was spent in attaching ropes; and finally, with great hooting, and with imprecations as well, and some words of encouragement, the whole team was set in motion, and the coach was hauled out of the slough, and began slowly to snail the way up the two-mile ascent.

Again Mr. Crymes thrust forth his head.

"Wilkey! Perhaps if Mr. Anthony were to ride forward, it might be an encouragement to the horses to go along with more spirit."

Your worship, I do not see Mr. Fox! I beg pardon, Mr.

Anthony. I think he has returned."

"What! without a farcwell? The boy is unmannerly, and inconsiderate of what is due to a father. But such is the decay of the world, alas! Go on, Wilkey! there was no necessity for all the men and the horses to halt to hear what I had to say to thee."

Again there ensued a cracking of whips, objurgations and cheers,

a great straining at ropes, and a forward movement of the coach. The vehicle proceeded some way with more ease, for the stream of water that had here flowed over the road had smoothed it, and

cleared it of obstructions. Presently the men and horses came to a dead halt, and there ensued ahead much conversation, some expostulation, and com-

Again Mr. Crymes' head was thrust out of the window, and he

Again Mr. Crymes' head was thrust out of the window, and he called, "Wilkey! I say; come here, Wilkey! What is the matter? Why dost thou not go on? Has any rope broken?"

But several minutes elapsed before Wilkey responded to his master's call, and when finally, in answer to further and more urgent shouts, he did come, it was not alone, but attended by several of the other men, dragging with them by the arms a man whom they had found in the road.

"What is it? Who is he? What does he here?"
"Oh, I will be good! I promise—I swear, I will be good! I'll say my prayers! I'll not get drunk any more! I do not want to go inside—I'd rather walk a hundred miles and run by night and

say my prayers! I'll not get drunk any more! I do not want to go inside—I'd rather walk a hundred miles and run by night and day, than have this carriage stop for me, and hear—"
"Who are you? What are you doing here?" asked Mr. Crymes.
"Some of you bring the lantern. Let me look at him. Is he a footpad?"
"No—never—never robbed any one in my life. I pray you do not ask me to step in. I thank thee, I had rather walk, than gather to thy side. I really will be good. 'Pon my soul I will. Drive on, coacnee!"
"Why — fore Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Crymes (this is

"Why - 'fore Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Crymes, "this is Mr. Solomon Gibbs-and, the worse for liquor. Mr. Gibbs, Mr.

Mr. Solomon Gibbs—and, the worse for liquor. Mr. Gibbs!"

"Eh!" said the gentleman, coming to the coach door, "why, by cock! it isn't my Ladye at all! By my soul, you must excuse me, Master Crymes. I was in that state of fright! At this time of night, and on Black Down! I thought it could be no other than the Death Coach, and that my Ladye wi' the ashen face was inside, and would make me ride by her."

Then half-humorously, but half-scared still, and not wholly sober, Mr. Solomon Gibbs trolled forth in broken tones,

I'd rather walk a hundred miles And run by night and day,
Than have that carriage halt for me
And hear my Ludye say—
Now pray step in and make no din,
Step in with me to ride; There's room I trow, by me for you, And all the world beside."

"Why, how came you here?" asked Mr. Crymes. "My men took you for a highwayman, and might have fired their holsters or

carbines at you."

"And I might ask, how came you here at night, in your coach! "And I might ask, how came you here at night, in your coach! By cock! You do not know the scire you gave me, at the very midnight, too—and I on the very road that my Ladye goes over in her Death Coach! But—I thought it stopped for me, and that upset my mind altogether. When I saw something—black horses, and a coach coming along, I tried to skip out of the way and hide somewhere, but, not a hiding-place could I find on the moor. I did suppose at first that it was on its way for my poor niece—for Urith, but when it stopped—when it stopped—"he shivered. "I felt my heart go into my boots. And I have been looking for him everywhere, in every ale-house, and not so much as a thread of his coat, nor the breath of a word as to his whereabouts, and she—so ill—dying. I should not be surprised, dead. By cock! when I saw the coach come along, and at or about midnight, I made sure my Ladye was on her way to Willsworthy, to fetch Urith, but when the coach stopped—when it stopped—"again he shuddered.

"Whom are you seeking?" asked Mr. Crymes.

"Anthony, to be sure, my nephew-in-law. But I say, Justice, thou art a religious man and a bit of a Puritan; now solve me this. When I thought this was my Lady's coach, and that she was about to put out her bony hand, and to wave me to come in, then I swore and protested I'd not touch another drop of drink and be good as any red-letter day saint. Now, as the carriage is not hers, but yours, and instead of the Lady wi' the Ashen Face it is the Right Worshipful Justice Crymes, what say you? Does it hold? "

"What is that you say, Master Gibbs, about your niece? Is she really so ill?"

"What is that you say, Master Gibbs, about your niece? Is she really so ill?"

"Ill! So ill that I made sure the coach was on its way for her. I've been running about the world all night like the Wandering

really so ill?"

"Ill! So ill that I made sure the coach was on its way for her. I've been running about the world all night like the Wandering lew, to first one ale-house and then another, after Anthony. Confound the fellow! what does he mean, running away, hiding where none can find him, when Urith is so ill?"

"What ails her?" asked Mr. Crymes. "Step in by me—"

"No. 'Fore Heaven, I don't like the risk. You may be my Lady in disguise, and I may rub my eyes and find that a trick has been put on me. I will into no coach whatever to-night. I will keep to-my own feet, though, indeed, they are so shaken with much running about that I can't rely on them. I'll to the surgeon and have him examine them, and let me know why they do not hold up under me as they was wont."

running about that I can't rely on them. In to the suggest have him examine them, and let me know why they do not hold up under me as they was wont."

"How long as Urith been ill?"

"Now, look here!" said Mr. Solomon Gibbs, approaching the window closer, and lowering his voice. "Poor thing, poor thing! Prematurely, and the babe dead—she out of her mind, crazed like—the house upside down, and me running about the country, looking into every alehouse I can call to mind, to make inquiries after Anthony, and not a footprint of him anywhere, and he has gone off with a horse—the apple-grey—you know him."

"I can tell thee where Anthony Cleverdon is—he has followed the highest call—the voice of religion and of his country's need. He has ridden away to join the Duke of Monmouth."

"Whew!" whistled Solomon. "And his wife like every minute to die! I'll go back and tell her. This is ugly tidings—he tried to give me a blow 'gainst all laws of the game, this past day, but that I forgive him. But—to run off and never leave a word at home, and Urith dying! That I'll never forgive."

"If I encounter him in the camp, I will tell him the tidings; and now I must along. This delay has been great. Wilkey! what are you standing there agape for? Urge the horses on; by this time we should have been at the top of Black Down. Fare thee well, Master Gibbs."

He waved his hand out of the window.

Master Gibbs."

Master Gibbs.

He waved his hand out of the window.

The whips were cracked, shouts, oaths, and entreaties recommenced, and the vehicle was again in motion. Mr. Solomon Gibbs remained standing.

But the carriage had not gone forward many yards before Mr. Gibbs came striding up to the window; he put his head through and said, "Your worship! Are you aware that the boot-flap behind is down?"

behind is down?"
"Boot—behind!" almost screamed Mr. Crymes. "Let me out!
Heigh! Stay the horses! Wilkey! the door!'
He scrambled out of the coach, called for the lintern, and ran behind is down?

The flap was down, the boot open-and empty. The coach had been unladen either a the hill, or during the commotion occasioned by the discovery of Mr. Solomon Gibbs.

(To be continued.)

#### KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON

A MEETING, over which the Duke of Wellington presided, was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday, June 21st, 1828, at held at the Freemasons Lavern, on Saturday, June 21st, 1828, at which it was resolved that a college for general education should be founded in the metropolis, in which, while the various branches of Literature and Science were made the subjects of instruction, it should be an essential part of the system to imbue the minds of youths with a knowledge of the doctrines and duties of Christianity, as inculcated by the United Churches of England and Ireland; and that inculcated by the United Churches of England and Ireland; and that the King, having graciously pleased to signify his approbation of the establishment of this College, His Majesty should be most respectfully requested to take it under his Royal patronage, and permit it to be entitled "King's College, London."

In accordance with this resolution a Royal Charter was applied for, and granted in the year 1829, and subscriptions to a very large

amount flowed in. In fact, no less than 150,00c/. was expended upon the building and establishment of the College. It was opened October 8th, 1831, by a Service in the Chapel, at which Bishop Blomfield preached a sermon upon "The Combination of Religious Instruction with Intellectual Culture."

As originally constituted King's College consisted simply of the Department of General Literature and Science, called the Seniot Department and the Junior Department or School; subsequently, however, three other Departments were established. The first was the Medical School. A little later on, in 1838, an Engineering School, called the "Department of Applied Sciences," was added; and, in 1847, a Theological Department was established for the preparation of young men who intend to take Holy Orders. The hospital was first established in 1839, but in 1861 was rebuilt at the cost of 100,000/. cost of 100,000/.

cost of 100,000!

The building of King's Co'lege forms a wing to Somerset House. The Principal's dwelling is, in tact, a portion of the water-front of that building, and commands most beautiful views up and down the river; the main body, however, of the structure is at right angles to this, and forms the eastern side of a narrow quadrangle. It was designed by Sir Sidney Smirke, and though a correct example of Classical Architecture, it is somewhat cold and uninteresting. In the centre is the entrance, which admits one into a lofty entrance-hall, with double staircases. Immediately opposite to the entrance, below a stone gallery, is the doorway leading into the College Hall, a rather fine apartment, with a flat ceiling, supported upon a double row of Corinthian columns; here all public meetings connected with the College are held, and some of the classes, which are very numerously attended, meet. Over the the classes, which are very numerously attended, meet. Over the hall, and entered from the stone gallery before alluded to, is the Chapel, which was reconstructed as it at present appears from the designs of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A. It is in the Florentine-Romanesque style; the columns are of iron, and the walls are inlaid with patterns and mosaics, executed in various coloured woods; the altar is placed in an apse at the east end, and has a finely-carved reredos of alabaster and mosaic; every portion of the chapel is covered with mosaic or describing pairing and the chapel is covered with mosaic or decorative painting, and the windows are all filled with stained glass, memorials of former professors and students of the college.

Near the chapel is "The Museum of George III.," so called

Near the chapel is "The Museum of George III., so called because the nucleus of it is formed from the apparatus collected by George III. for the instruction of his children at Kew Palace. The collection was given to King's College at the accession of Her Majesty, and has since been largely added to, especially by Wheatstone and Faraday, who both carried on their experiments and made many of the valuable discoveries with which their names are associated within the walls of the College.

associated within the walls of the College.

Among the objects which belonged to George III. are two very prettily-mounted globes. The Orrery, made for George III., is a very handsome object, more remarkable, in fact, for the beauty of its "mounting" than for any scientific value. The stand is composed of ebony inlaid with silver, and supported by horses' heads in ormolu. The most interesting objects contained in this museum, however, are the curious machines constructed by Newcomen. Wheatstone, and Faraday, which have formed important links in the history of scientific discovery.

Newcomen's model for his steam-engine claims special attention, and was the first in which "the beam" was used, constructed nearly

Faraday's "Siberian Magnet" is a singular-looking object, and is said to have been the first "natural magnet" from which a spark

said to have been the first "natural magnet" from which a spark was obtained. It is covered with curious paintings, and dated 1774. Two very strange musical instruments made by Wheatstone, who was for some years Professor at King's College, will interest our readers on account of their great peculiarity; they are a "wind-fiddle" and a "gas-organ." The first is really a violin played by wind. Two hand-bellows act upon the strings, and set them vibrating. In the "gas-organ" the pipes are of glass, and a jet burns under the mouth of each pipe; a valve is opened by pressing down one of the manuals of the keyboard, and this creates a rush of wind through the pipe, which thus gives forth its note. Wheatstone was in his youth apprenticed to a musical-instrument maker, and this may account for his turning his mind to these curious inventions.

and this may account for his turning his mind to these curious inventions.

The "sky clock, for telling the time of day by noting the potarisation of the sky," is another ingenious machine, but what are the most valuable objects, from a scientific point of view, are undoubtedly the electric machines and telegraphic apparatus with which Wheatstone made so many of his magnificent discoveries. It has been claimed that the electric telegraph itself was absolutely discovered by him at King's College. The practical working of that great invention was certainly shown to the late Prince Consort by Sir C. Wheatstone in 1843, when messages were despatched from the College to a station on the opposite bank of the Thames, and a rocket exploded from the shot tower by a current sent from a battery at King's College. The telegraph-dial, which we illustrate is supposed to be one of those then used, and is probably the oldest in this country.

is supposed to be one of those then used, and is probably the oldest in this country.

In a room adjoining the George III. Museum is a model of a very elegant and curious wooden bridge constructed over the Rhine at Schathhausen, by two local carpenters, in the eighteenth century. This very interesting structure was destroyed by Napoleon the Great for strategical purposes, and has never been reconstructed.

There is another excellently arranged museum at King's College which is devoted to Natural History, with an anatomical gallery attached. The room in which the various specimens are collected is spacious and handsome, and, as it is entirely lighted from the roof, it is admirably adapted for purposes of study, and the careful inspection of its valuable contents. A light gallery runs round the room, with a kind of projecting desk, bracketed out over the balustrade, upon which the more minute models and other objects are exhibited—an excellent arrangement, and one which might be more exhibited—an excellent arrangement, and one which might be more frequently adopted in our museums, public libraries, &c. There are, of course, several libraries attached to the College, and one of our sketches represents two of these, the Marsden Library and the General Library. They are plain 100ms, well stocked with books. The former contains a singularly valuable collection of Oriental

The class-rooms, lecture-rooms, and the school are well adapted o the purposes for which they are required. It would be impossible here to enumerate the many eminent men

who have been connected with King's College since its opening. We, however, give a portrait of one who, formerly a student of the College, now fills its highest academical chair as its Principal, the

In conclusion, we will quote a passage from the speech delivered by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the College Jubileo by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the College Jubilec Prize Distribution, July 2nd, 1881:—"Everything connected with this institution seems to be on a most satisfactory and excellent footing. In these days, when education is so much thought of, and when imeetings are continually taking place in every part of the kingdom for the purpose of raising the standard of education, it is naturally difficult for institutions of old date to keep up with the times; but I do not think this College will have any reason to fear competition from others, as it already stands as at least the second or third of the great educational institutions of the kingdom." or third of the great educational institutions of the kingdom."
II. W. BREWER

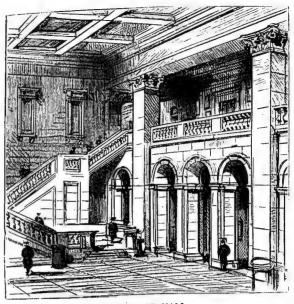
NO NEWS HAS YET BEEN HEARD of the missing Austrian Archduke Johann.



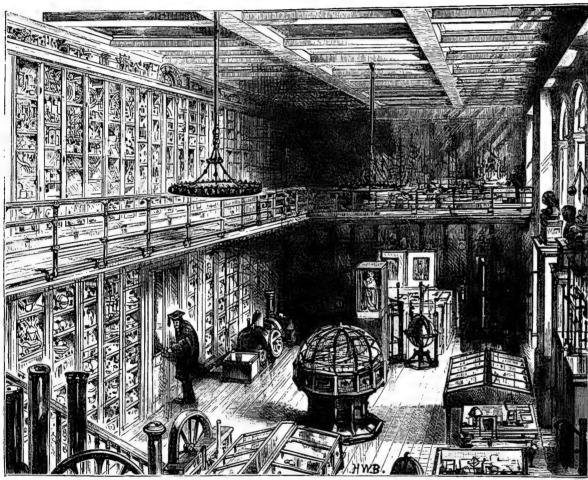
EXTERIOR OF KING'S COLLEGE



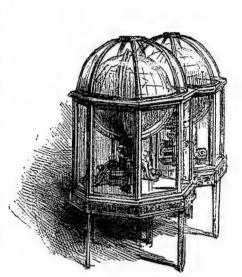
DR. WACE Principal of King's College



ENTRANCE HALL



GEORGE III. MUSEUM



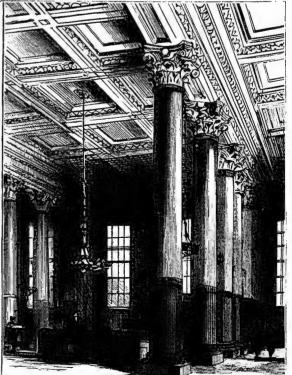
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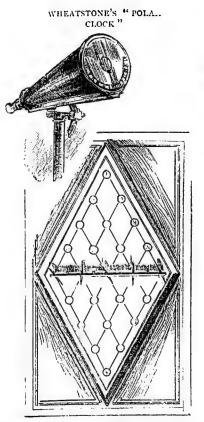
MODEL OF THE FIRST IRON BRIDGE

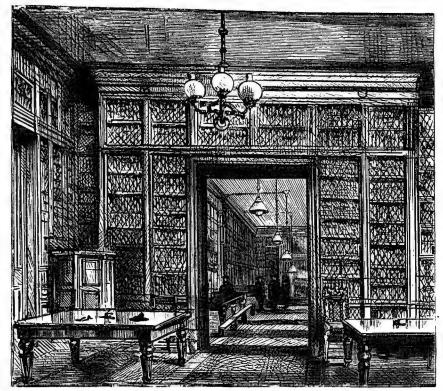


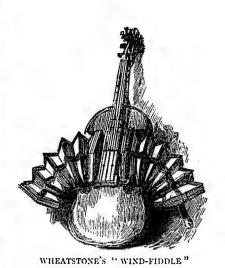
INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL



THE COLLEGE HALL

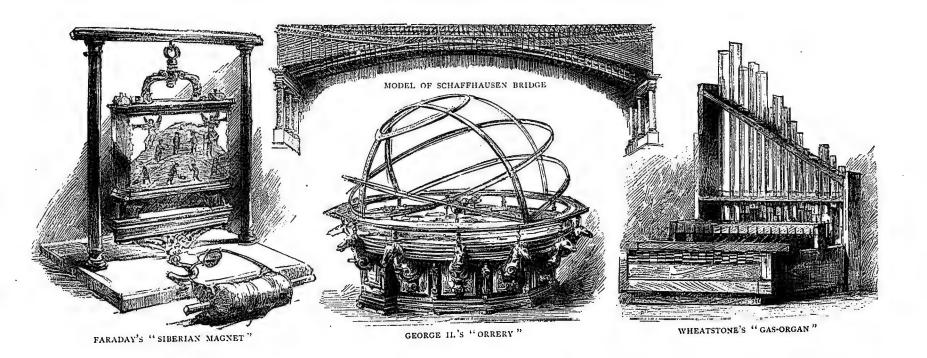


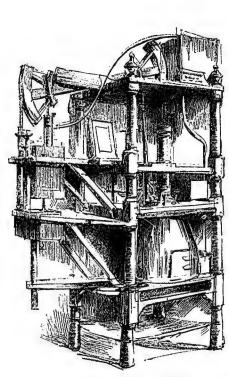




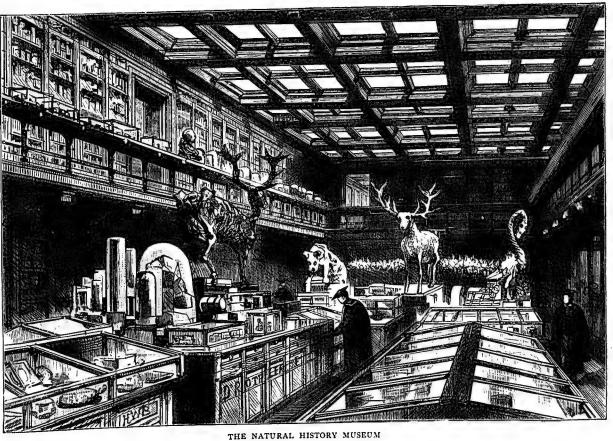
WHEATSTONE'S "TELEGRAPH-DIAL."

THE "MARSDEN AND GENERAL LIBRARY





NEWCOMEN'S STEAM-ENGINE





THE European barometer is at "set fair" just now, according to the opinions expressed by prominent diplomatists. Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House and General Caprivi on his visit to ITALY at the Mansion House and General Caprivi on his visit to ITALY uttered the same prophecy of peace among the nations, and the German Chancellor distinctly stated that it was long since such a feeling of tranquillity had prevailed in the highest political circles. General Caprivi's Italian trip has been a brilliant success, and all the energetic Press assertions that the visit was one of courtesy alone cannot convince the general public that the meeting of the German and Italian Premiers was not of the highest political importance. The Italians welcomed the Chancellor warmly, King Humbert paid him every honour, and gave him the highest national Order, the Annunziata, and Signor Crispi spared no pains to show his cordiality. Of course Signor Crispi is accused of national Order, the Annunziata, and Signor Crispi spared no pains to show his cordiality. Of course Signor Crispi is accused of timing the visit as an electioneering manœuvre, and, doubtless, such a display of German friendship must better the Italian Premier's position, now that the elections are so near. Nor is AUSTRIA behindhand in friendliness to Italy, having appointed the Prince of Naples to an Austrian regiment on his twenty-first birthday—which was kept on Tuesday—as if to balance the honours shown to the heir of the Russian Throne when the Czarewitch visited Vienna last week. Accordingly, the rumours of a renewal of the Triple Alliance are in full force again, coupled with assertions that GERMANY and Italy are planning closer commercial union as the chief members of a European league against American protection. GERMANY and Italy are planning closer commercial union as the chief members of a European league against American protection. Germany is equally satisfied with the visit and, now that foreign relations are so satisfactory, turns to her domestic matters, as the Reichstag reopened on Wednesday. One of the first subjects discussed will be the credit of 175,000/. demanded for East Africa, besides funds for the other African colonies. The negotiations with England respecting the Cameroon frontier progress favourably, but Major Macdonald has come to London for direct instructions. Berlin is much excited over the resignation of Court Chaplair. Stöcker, the Jew-baiter, who has long fallen out of favour with the Imperial family. Like his late father, Emperor William strongly discountenances the Anti-Semitic campaign, and Dr. Stöcker found himself obliged to retire.

In France, the Chamber is enjoying some lively sittings over the

In FRANCE, the Chamber is enjoying some lively sittings over the Pudget. The Egyptian question came up again before the Foreign Estimates were voted, the Foreign Minister being obliged to reiterate that the Conversion of the Debt was for Egyptian benefit only, not a concession to England. The War Budget passed with little a concession to England. The War Budget passed with little criticism, although the Government proposes to spend twenty-seven millions sterling on the army during the ensuing year, but the credits for Public Worship raised the customary recriminations between the rival advocates of Church and State before being adopted. M. Rouvier hopes to announce a surplus of over two millions at the end of the current year. Semi-defunct Boulangism still revives occasionally, and M. Déroulède, one of the few faithful left to the General, made a furious onslaught in the lobby of the Chamber on M. Laguerre over M. Mermeix's famous "Coulisses," with the usual result of a duel. Politics are quiet enough otherwise, however, and the journals fall back on the Stanley-Barttelot controversy, delighted with the opportunity of railing against the explorer, whom they consider so inferior to their Captain Trivier.

The Anglo-Portuguese negotiations have advanced another step.

they consider so inferior to their Captain Trivier.

The Anglo-Portuguese negotiations have advanced another step. PORTUGAL and Great Britain have agreed on a modus viren it for six months, during which a fresh treaty will be negotiated at Lisbon, while both nations will maintain the same position in Africa as before the August Convention. This arrangement annuls all treaties obtained from native chiefs on Portuguese territory within the last three months, notably the Manica concession—a very unwelcome result to South Africa, as the British thus lose the command of the valuable short route between Mashonaland and the mouth of the Pung-we River. Nevertheless, the modus vivendi guarantees free passenger transit and postal service by Pung-we, while the navigation of the Zambesi and Shiré becomes free to all nations. Each Government entirely reserves its rights in the matter of the final treaty. Portuguese opinion at home is fairly satisfied with the decision, and it is hoped that in an interval of six months the popular agitation will have given way to a more reasonable spirit towards agreement with England. Further up the African coast, the British Protectorate England. Further up the African coast, the British Protectorate has been formally proclaimed at ZANZIBAR with very little ceremony. Notices of the change were posted in the usual public places, and Sir Euan Smith, with Admiral Fremantle, and other officers, and Sir Euan Smith, with Admiral Fremantie, and other officers, read the proclamation to the Sultan at the Palace before a large native gathering. Royal salutes were then fired, while the British and the Sultan's flag were hoisted aloft together, and the Sultan afterwards paid a State return visit to the British Consul-General. Respecting the CONGO STATE, the deadlock with Holland continues, though the Brussels Conference work hard to effect an

If Royal and Ministerial public statements are to be believed, GREECE has no intention at present to upset Eastern Europe by a militant foreign policy. When the new Parliament was opened on Monday, the King's Speech was of the mildest tone, and glided skilfully over foreign questions to announce that the new Cabinet skilfully over foreign questions to announce that the new Cabinet meant to restore the old electoral law, to fulfil all the financial State obligations, and to develop municipal institutions, while organising the national defences. M. Delyannis spoke rather more plainly to an interviewer. He declared that he would not quarrel needlessly with the Turks either on the Cretan or the Ecclesiastical questions, nor did he wish just now to espouse Macedonian interests, but still he felt that the Greeks had an incontestable title to the eventual possession of the province. The last remark was a hint for BULGARIA, where the recent ecclesiastical concessions obtained in Macedonia have gone far to unite Prince Ferdinand and the Orthodox Church. Thus the Bulgarian Metropolitans now sitting on Synod have formally visited the Prince, instead of ignoring him as hitherto, and his name is inserted in the Liturgy. However, the Orthodox Church is not so agreeable to TURKEY, where no way has yet been found out of the dispute, although some Greek subjects are breaking away from the Patriarch, and holding services on their own account. The British Consul at Erzeroum is consulting with Sir William White on the Armenian troubles.

India William White on the Armenian troubles.

INDIA will receive the Czarewitch during his coming visit with much ceremony, the young Prince being treated as an honoured guest of the Queen and Government. Thus he will spend Christmas with Lord Harris at Bombay, and will be entertained by the Viceroy at Calcutta in January. The Viceroy is how on a cold weather tour in the north-west, and has inspected the Jodhpore native contingent to Imperial defence—a fine body, which the Maharajah hopes to for Imperial defence—a fine body, which the Maharajah hopes to raise to 1,200 strong. Madras will lose her Governor in March, for Lord Connemara has resigned after four years' rule. He will be much missed, public opinion pronouncing him the most popular and fortunate Governor of the province for many years.

The Democratic victory in the American elections is one of the most sweeping party changes ever known in the United States. A close contest was expected, but such a "Democratic tidal wave"

took both parties by surprise. States which were formerly "solid" Republican went over bodily to the Democrats, steady New England deserted her old colours, and even Pennsylvania, the very stronghold of Republican Protection, elected a Democratic Governor. Such is the effect of the M Kinley Bill, on which the popular voice has now pronounced in most unmistakeable terms. Mr. M'Kinley himself was defeated in Onio, and although he tries to explain away his failure by showing that the Democratic majority in the State is less than last time, there seems a fair prospect of the Tariff Bill being repealed before long, now that the Democrats hold so large a majority in the Lower House. The latest estimate gives a Democratic majority of 153 in a House of 332 members, and the party, indeed, are strong enough to override the President's veto by a two-thirds majority. The Farmer Alliance contributed largely to the victory, but they cannot be depended upon to support the Democrats took both parties by surprise. States which were formerly "solid" majority. The Farmers Alliance contributed largely to the victory, but they cannot be depended upon to support the Democrats eventually, if the latter do not entirely carry out their wishes eventually, if the latter do not entirely carry out their wishes eventually, if the latter do not entirely carry out their wishes eventually, if the latter do not entirely carry out their wishes eventually, the respecting tariff reform and a free silver coinage. Naturally, the Democrats are now most hopeful of the Presidential election of Dem Democrats are now most hopeful of the Presidential election of 1892, with Mr. Grover Cleveland for a second term of office. So the ex-President seizes the opportunity to raise the popular cry of tariff revision, and to remind his supporters that the present success results from the common-sense Democratic policy of the last two years. From present appearances too, it appears likely that the Democrats will gain two fresh seats in the Senate, thus reducing the Republican majority in the Upper House to two. The Republicans seem thoroughly disorganised by their fall, and present most feeble excuses. They find some slight consolation in the annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture, who states that agricultural products have risen largely in value, thanks to recent legislation. If agriculture flourishes, however, the money market is much disturbed, a regular Stock Exchange panic alarming New York on Monday. What attention could be spared from the elections has been given to Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, who have begun their tour, being received with great enthusiasm in Philadelphia and Boston. Owing to their statements, the Irish Famine Fund has been abandoned, the Committee announcing that their appeal is withdrawn, in consequence of the British Government being awakened to its duty towards Iraland. their appeal is withdrawn, in consequence of the British Government being awakened to its duty towards Ireland. Another honoured guest is Mr. Stanley, banquets and receptions abounding.

MISCELLANEOUS. -- The King of HOLLAND grows steadily MISCELLANEOUS.—The King of HOLLAND grows steadily worse. He scarcely ever speaks, and does not even recognise the Queen, while his physical strength seems to be decreasing. The States-General met on Wednesday to pass the Regency law, and Queen Emma will probably take the oaths of office next Tuesday.—Notwithstanding the adverse American verdict, Protectionist sympathies are rife in both SPAIN and RUSSIA, where the Customs Commissions appointed in view of the new Commercial Treaties advocate high duties on imports. A disastrous fire has occurred in Madrid, a tobacco factory being burnt down, and throwing six thousand persons out of work.—BELGIUM is agitating vigorously in favour of universal suffrage; and important demonstrations took place in the chief towns in view of the reopening of the Chambers In layour of universal surrage; and important demonstrations took place in the chief towns in view of the reopening of the Chambers on Tuesday.—In CANADA, notwithstanding the great display of public sympathy for the accused, Birehall was to be hanged for the Benwell murder yesterday (Friday), the Privy Council having decided against a reprievee. A friendly Toronto tradesman sent Birchall a fine black silk shroud in readiness.



THE Royal party in the Highlands decreases gradually in readiness for the Queen's departure next Wednesday. Prince Henry of Battenberg has gone south from Balmoral, while the Duchess of Albany, with her two children, has left Birkhall for Claremont. Princesses Louise and Beatrice, as well as Princesse Frederica of Hanover, remain with Her Majesty, and the daily walks and drives are taken in beautiful weather, the Queen and Princesses making a long excursion on Monday past Mar Lodge and the Linn of Dee to the wilds of Glenderry. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach usually joins the Royal dinner-party, and the evenings are often devoted to music, Mr. Robert Nicholls having sung before the Queen and Princesses, while Mr. George Grossmith was commanded to give his entertainment at Balmoral on Wednesday. Her Majesty and the Princesses attended Divine Service on Sunday at Balmoral, where the Rev. J. Middleton officiated.

The Prince of Wales kept his forty-ninth birthday very quietly at Sandringham on Sunday. Only his own children were present, and the day was marked by the re-opening of Sandringham Church, after its enlargement and restoration at the Prince's expense. The Prince and Princess and family attended the re-opening Service, when Canon Duckworth preached, in the absence of the Rector through his mother's illness. Though the church bells in Windsor and Norfolk were rung on Sunday, the official celebration of the Prince's birthday took place on Monday, with the customary Royal salutes, banquets, and illuminations in London and the provinces. At Sandringham the Prince and the Duke of Clarence went out shooting at Ken Hill Wood, belonging to Sir E. Green, and in the afternoon the workmen and labourers on the estate had their annual dinner, the Frince and Princess and family visiting their guests during the neal. Numerous visitors also assembled at Sandringham House, where the Birthday County Ball would be held last (Friday) night. The Prince and Princess Victoria of Prussia. The Duke of Clarence starts to-night (Saturday)

with Lord Mount-Edgeumbe.—The Duke of Connaught on Saturday accompanied his brother-in-law, Prince Frederick Leopold, to Rathenow, to inspect the Ziethen Hussars, of whom he is Honorary Colonel. He had a most enthusiastic reception, and dined with the officers.—The Duchess of Albany will open the Bermondsey Industrial Exhibition at the Town Hall next Tuesday.

A PASSENGER LIFT TO THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC is proposed by an American engineer. The elevator would carry twenty-seven passengers, and the shaft would be in eight compartments,

each six feet square.

SOCIALISM HAS ITS RITUAL as well as other doctrines. Thus a grand Socialist christening was held in Paris on Sunday, when thirty-two little boys and girls were admitted into the fold. The children, who wore blue jerseys and red Phrygian caps with green cockades, were duly represented by sponsors, and were baptized with water during the recitation of the Freethought Creed. Bonbons were then distributed, and a concert and christening-feast followed



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The principal revival of the past week has been Gluck's Orfeo, which had not previously be.n heard in London since Madame Czillag and Madame Peuco appeared in it at the Royal Italian Opera in 1860. Orfeo was, however, revived at Cambridge last May, when we gave a tolerably full account of the work. The version presented at Covent Garden was practically identical with that conducted by Professor Stanford at Cambridge, except that at the Royal Italian Opera the florid air, borrowed by Gluck himself from Bertoni's Tancredi, was reinstated for Mdlle, Giulia Ravogli, and the "Chaconne" in D, which in the last century was danced at the end of the opera by Gaetano Vestris, grandfather of Madame Vestris, was played by the orchestra as an introduction to the fourth act. Save as to the absurdities of the mise en scène, it need hardly be said that Gluck's opera was heard to far better ned hardly be said that Gluck's opera was heard to far better ned hardly be said that Gluck's opera was heard to far better ned hardly in the scene in the Elysian Fields, proved herself one of the finest and most versatile actresses now upon the operatic of the finest and most versatile actresses now upon the operatic stage. Gluck's music may be old-fashioned, but performed as it was under the careful direction of Signor Bevignani, and with the two leading parts sung by the sisters Ravogli, its old-world charm came as a refreshing change from some of the more pretentious compositions of the present century. On Tuesday when the second performance was given every seat in the house had been sold out in advance.

Of the performance of Norma it is not necessary to speak in advance.

advance.

Of the performance of Norma it is not necessary to speak in detail. The feebleness of the orchestration has long been a complaint against Bellini's tragic opera, and now that vocalists are no longer trained to sing such music, it would be better to leave Norma alone. Faust was repeated on Friday, with Miss Milntyre

as Margherita.
On Saturday Lohengrin was revived, with Madame Albani, for the first time since 1889, in the rôle of Elsa, which she now plays in far first time since 1889, in the role of Elsa, which she now plays in far more subdued, and consequently more effective, fashion than during the past few years. Mdlle. Ravogli in the part of Ortrud—which it seems she then sustrined for the first time on the stage—fairly shared the honours of the evening with Madame Albani. On Monday M. Maurel was to have made his rentrie, and to have Monday M. Maurel was to have made his rentree, and to have sung for the first time on the London stage the part of Rigoletto He, however, was ill, and Signor Galassi took his place. As the Duke, the Roumanian tenor M. Dimitresco fairly confirmed the favourable impression he made at his debût, and furthermore showed that the tremolo then observable was merely the result of a passing indisposition. On Wednesday Les Huguenots was announced, with Madame Albani for the first time as Valentina.

CHORAL CONCERTS.—The choral season opened at the Crystal CHORAL CONCERTS.—The choral season opened at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, when an excellent performance was given of Mendelssohn's Lobgesang, Madame Schmidt-Koehne, Miss Sargent, and Mr. Lloyd singing the chief parts. In the course of the orchestral programme which preceded the cantata, Mr. Frederic Cliffe's orchestral piece Cloud and Sunshine, produced at the Philharmonic last May, was performed.—On Wednesday the season of the Royal Choral Society opened with Eliiah, in which Madame Schmidt-Koehne, Madame Swiatlowsky, Messrs. Ben Davies and Mills were announced to sing the chief parts.

SPANISH CONCERT.—The Spanish pianist Señor Albeniz gave

SPANISH CONCERT.—The Spanish planist Senor Albeniz gave on Friday the first of a series of concerts which are likely to be particularly interesting, if only for the fact that the programmes con-The first scheme was rather injudiciously chosen, for the Symphony in E flat by Señor Breton is, and was intended to be, a mere imitation of early Beethoven, written by Señor Breton in his schooldays; while the Moorish Fantasia "La Courte de Granada," by Señor Chapi was better suited for open-air than for concert performance. Señor Chapi was once a military bandmaster and a cornet-player, a fact which may explain the superabundance of brass in at least two of the movements. Spanish music received a far better illustration in a dainty serenade, "En la Alhambra," which contains some charming Oriental colouring, and in the prelude to Senor Breton's opera Guzman el Bueno, which is highly popular in Madrid. The best-performed item of the programme was Mozart's Concerto in D. which received a practically perfect rendering at the hands of Senor Albeniz, to whose refined and artistic style it is exactly suited.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS) ---- At the Popular Concerts on Saturday CONCERTS (VARIOUS) — At the Popular Concerts on Saturday M. Paderew-ki appeared and achieved his greatest suc ess in Chopin's Ballade in F and Berçeuse in D flat minor. On Monday he gave a characteristic rendering of Schumann's Carnaval, and afterwards played one of Brahms's "Hungarian Dances." On Saturday, he also took part in Schumann's pianoforte quartet, which was hugely appreciated by a large audience.—At Madame Essipoff's concert last week a new Sonata in G for pianoforte and violin by Schütz was produced, but the work, which is of unequal merit, excited comparatively little interest, except as to the middle movement, which is the best of the three.—The members of the Musical Guild gave a concert on Tuesday, the principal item of their pro-Guild gave a concert on Tuesday, the principal item of their programme being the Razoumowsky Quartet in F.—Mr. Isidore Pavia at his second recital hardly justified the promise of his debat. He is undoubtedly a clever performer, but seems to need further study.—Concerts have also been given by the Royal College and Royal Academy Students, by Mr. Lindo, M. Paderewski, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—It is understood that Mr. Augustus Harris will from December 1 undertake the sole direction of Covent Garden until the spring of 1892.—Wagner's Tannhäuser is in active rehearsal at Covent Garden, with Madame Albani, Mdlle Giul a Ravogli, and M. Maurel in the chief parts.—Professor Bridge will early in the spring give a performance of the Repentance of Nineveh in Westminster Abbey.—A daughter of the once famous baritone Mendioroz has recently made a successful débât at Madrid.—The rehearsals for Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera will commence next week.—The brothers De Reszkè propose to appear at St. Petersburg week.—The brothers De Reszke propose to appear at St. Petersburg in the parts of Faust and Mefistofele in Boito's opera.—Residents in the parts of Faust and Mensionete in Boito's opera.—Resident in the neighbourhood of Honor Oak have now the benefit of a capital musical society. "The Troubadours" meet at the Moore Park Hotel, Wood Vale, S.E., every Monday evening; Mr. G. Evill West, 110, Wood Vale, S.E., is the Hon. Sec.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE PARLIAMENT IN EUROPE is owned by France, the Senate and the Chamber costing the nation nearly has a million sterling in the year. England stands fifth on the list of Parliamentary expenses, while economical Germany possesses the cheapest House, for the Reichstag only costs a little over 19,000. annually.

EASTBOURNE is looking forward to great improvements. The Duke of Devonshire will extend the Parade eastwards, carrying the sea-wall round the south side of the Redoubt in place of the old glacis abutments. He will form a new pleasure-ground in the same quarter, and lay out the waste lands towards Pevensey as a handsome marine drive.

#### THE GRAPHIC

# THEATRES

MR. FRANK WYATT'S new farce, in three acts, entitled Two Requils, was produced at TOOLE's Theatre on Saturday night, and received with boundless favour by an audience not disposed to be too critical about the probability or coherence of a farce-writer's incidents, or too nice in the matter of the quality of his wit. To tell the truth, the extravagancies in which Mr. Wyatt's numerous persenages indulge are not merely wildly farcical; they often degenerate into mere puerilities; as when we are asked to imagine that an old cumulageon of a guardian who has long oppressed his youthful charges with the severity of his discipline, no sooner finds his victim old cumudgeon of a guardian who has long oppressed his youthful charges with the severity of his discipline, no sooner finds his victim emancipated from his control than he submits to be "ordered to bed at nine," and to be punished for his disobedience by writing the words "Love's labour lost" a thousand times. Such details may words "Love's labour lost" a thousand times. Such details may pass in the semi-supernatural burlesque story of "Vice Verså;" but peen the madness of farce should have a certain degree of method in it. We are bound to say, however, that these objections did not appear to interfere much with the entertainment of the spectators on Saturday evening. A like remark may be applied to the escapade of the evening. A like remark may be applied to the escapade of the young gentleman who promises to enlist in a cavalry regiment to gratify the enthusiasm of his sweetheart for military glory, but evades his promise by getting a drunken gardener to enlist in his name. The subsequent embarrasments arising from the double's name of outrageous behaviour on service were indeed the name. The subsequent embarrasments arising from the double's profligate and outrageous behaviour on service were indeed the truitful source of Lughter; so that if practical success is to be the test, Two Recruits may be pronounced a triumph of dramatic skill. To be just, there is a certain vein of riotous hilarity in Mr. Wyatt's To be just, there is a certain vein of riotous hilarity in Mr. Wyatt's piece which, under more judicious control, may enable the author—who is best known to the public as the representative of Mr. Gilbert's Duke of Plaza Toro in The Gondoliers—to contribute something of more enduring worth to the contemporary stage. The favour with which his play was received owed much to the actors. Mr. Chevalier's Eldred, the self-seeking hypocritical guardian, Mr. Eversfield's Frank Selwyn, Mrs. Leigh's Martha, and Mr. F. Kaye's Gurgles were all clever and diverting impersonations; and effective aid was also rendered by Miss Thorneycroft, Miss D. Carlyle, Mr. Guise and others.

Guise and others.

Madame Chaumont is still the leading actress in the French performances at the ST. JAMES'S. Last week she appeared nightly, as well as at a matinie on Saturday, in Les Revolties, L'Autographe, and Lolotte, giving remarkable proof of the versatility of her talents. She also introduced, by way of interlude, the songs "La Première Feuille" and "La Bonne Année,' which were sung in her own incomparable style. This week M. Vaubel has been playing in L'Am des Femmes, by Alexandre Dumas the younger.

incomparable style. This week Al. Vaubel has been playing in L'Aimi des Femmes, by Alexandre Dumas the younger.

It is understood that the new play at the SHAFTESBURY will present the problem of Mr. Pinero's Profligate, with the exception that the hero and heroine will be found to have executed a sort of chassiz-croissez. In The Profligate it was the husband who had concealed his ante-nuptial peccadilloes; in The Phirisee it is the wife. If current gossip can be trusted, however, the authors of the Shaftesbury play have had the courage to present the pharisaic husband as inflexible. If so the happy ending, which is supposed to be so much cherished by English playgoers, will be necessarily wanting. The cast is a strong one, including, as it does, besides the lady named, Mr. Marius, Mr. Waring, Miss Sophie Larkin, Miss Marion Lea, Mr. William Herbert, Miss E. Robins, and that clever child-actress Miss Minnie Terry.

The new fashion of asking audiences whether a play should go on or be withdrawn does not seem likely to extend. Mrs. Lancaster Wallis tried it the other night with a Saturday night audience at the SHAFTESBURY, and nothing could be more encouraging than the result of her informal plebiscite. Yet somehow Mr. Robert Buchanan's drama of Russian life has not "gone on." On the contrary, The Sixth Commandment has just been withdrawn after a month's trial. On Monday its place will be taken by The Pharisee, already referred to.

to.

In Chancery, a three-act farce by Mr. Pinero, which was produced
to account to some years ago, and afterby Mr. Edward Terry in the country some years ago, and afterwards played at the fag end of a season in London, is to be resumed at TERRY'S Theatre on Saturday, the 22nd inst., in the place of

Sweet Lavender.

It is said that Mr. Terry has also in hand a farcical comedy of a new writer, entitled *The Director*. Its hero is the director of a music hall company, who, having neglected to inform his wife of his proceedings in that capacity, lays himself open to unfounded sus-

picion.

The representations of A Village Priest at the HAYMARKET have been brought to a close. On Monday Mr. Beerbohm Tree revived Called Back, founded on the late Mr. Hugh Conway's novelette, in which he played his original part of Macari. Mr. Fernandez, who reappears as Dr. Ceneri, was also one of the original cast.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has determined to give two more representations of Beau Austra, by Messrs. W. E. Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson—one on Monday next, the other on Monday, the 24th inst. The actors were too nervous on the occasion of the first performance to do full justice to this remarkable play, in which the tone and spirit of a bygone time are so skilfully reproduced, in association with an essentially dramatic and interesting story.

Mr. Burnand has definitively abandoned his project of writing a turlesque upon Ravensucod at the Lyceum. Mr. Fred Leslie and Mr. Horace Mills, less scrupulous, have written a parody upon this play, which bears the title of Hawkswood.

play, which bears the title of Hawkswood.

May and December, which is to be brought out at the COMEDY to-night, is a revised edition by Mr. Sydney Grundy of a comedy written by himself and the late Mr. Joseph Mackay, on the basis of I a Petite Marguise.

SCOTCH TROUT ARE THRIVING IN NEW ZEALAND. consignment of Loch Leven trout have been placed in the Hutt eiver by the colonial Acclimatisation Society, in company with some American brook char.

MONTE CARLO WILL HAVE A NORTHERN RIVAL in gamblers' affections, if the scheme of an enterprising Belgian company should be carried out. They propose to transform the Osten Kursaal into a vast winter garden, and establish roulette-tables.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased slightly last week. The deaths numbered 1,735 against 1,816 during the previous seven days, teing a decline of 81, but 75 above the average, with a death-rate 1205 per 1,000. Diseases of the respiratory organs continue very fatal, the deaths rising to 465 (an increase of 15 and 50 above the average), while the 50 latalities from diphtheria were the highest in record, being double the usual average, and 24 more than the average), while the 50 latalities from diphtheria were the highest in record, being double the usual average, and 24 more than during the previous week. There were 74 deaths from measles (a fall of 19), 29 from enteric fever (an increase of 3), 26 from diarrhœa and dysentery (a decrease of 17), 23 from scarlet fever (a rise of 7), and 20 from whooping cough (an advance of 1). Different forms of violence caused 65 deaths, including 13 suicides. There were 2.173 births registered, being a decline of 122, and 678 below the usual return.

#### VIEWS IN ST. HELENA

A SPECIAL interest always attaches to St. Helena, both as being the place of Napoleon's exile and death, as being one of the most isolated islands in the world, and as being (formerly more than now) an important halting station for vessels bound from Europe to the East. Seen from a distance, the island appears to be a grey pyramidal mass, rising abruptly from the ocean, presenting no sign of vegetation, and apparently inaccessible; but when more nearly approached, several openings are discovered, the best of them, in which Jamestown is situated, forming a fine natural harbour.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. B. Wood, of Jamestown, to whom we are indebted for the following particulars:—

Napoleon's Tomb.—It is said to have been Napoleon's own

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.—It is said to have been Napoleon's own wish that his body should be interred in this quiet and secluded valley, which was accordingly done, and for many years it was his resting-place; the body, however, was subsequently removed to France. The vault is enclosed by an iron railing, and is covered by a whitewashed slab; not a single word remains to tell that it was the grave of Napoleon I.

LADDER HILL, ST. HELENA.—The quarters of the troops forming our slender garrison are situated at the top of this hill, which rises to a height of about 620 feet above the sea. Here also is the Signal Station, from which passing ships are spoken, and the time-gun, by which all clocks and watches are regulated. The top of the hill may be reached either by the zig-zag road of about a mile, or the celebrated ladder of 699 steps.

PLANTATION HOUSE, the seat of H.E. the Governor, Mr. W. Grey-Wilson, stands in a fine park (about three miles from town), in which are to be found specimens of vegetation from all parts of the world: it is a paradise to the botanists who occasionally pay a visit to this out-of-the-world spot. Mr. Grey-Wilson, who



MR. WM. GREY WILSON Governor of St. Helens

was educated at Cheltenham College, and whose colonial experience includes service in Jamaica, Honduras, Sierra Leone, and the Gold Coast, was made Colonial Secretary of St. Helena in July, 1880, Acting-Governor in 1887, and Governor in June, 1890.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the Auxiliary Army and Navy Co-operative Society, Limited, Francis Street, Westminster.

Napoleon's House, Longwood,—In this house the first Napoleon spent his exile, and in it he breathed his last. It is the property of the French Government, and is beautifully kept by the courteous and kindly guardian of the French property, Mr. Morilleau, whose family are ever ready to welcome visitors, and never tire of answering questions about the Great Napoleon.

of answering questions about the Great Napoleon.

ROSEMARY HALL.—The residence of the exiled Zulu chiefs is situated in the best and most fertile part of the island, and the exiles appear to be fairly happy there; they do occasionally, but not often, obtain the Governor's permission to leave their prison and visit Jamestown, but on the whole they seem to prefer the seclusion of Rosemary. Their guardian, Mr. Saunders, has just been removed to Natal, and they are not pleased about it.

JAMESTOWN FROM SIDE PATH, LOOKING NORTH.—This view shows nearly the whole of Jamestown, which is situated in a valley running north and south. It is the only town on the island, and contains two Episcopal churches, one Roman Catholic and one Baptist chapel, civil and military hospitals, lunatic asylum, poorhouse, and a good market, where fresh vegetables can be purchased every morning. The whole town has a dilapidated and poverty-stricken appearance, and as it appears so it is.

THE EIFFEL TOWER has not lost its attraction for visitors. From April to October last inclusive, 393,494 persons made the ascent, while the receipts reached nearly 28,000%. Now the Tower is that the winter marks.

is shut for the winter months.

A MOUNTAIN CATASTROPHE IN WALES very nearly befell two venturesome girls during the late gale. The young ladies were visiting friends at Tan-y-Grisiau, and started to return over the mountain sheep-paths to Croesor on a dark night, with the wind blowing a hurricane. Though they knew their way well, they soon missed the path in the darkness, and could hardly stand against the wind, whilst rain and snow fell in torrents. At last they gave in, and sat down huddled together for warmth on the exposed slopes. There they spent the night in misery, till found by a search-party of quarrymen next morning. They are suffering severely from the shock and exposure.

IMPORTANT THEATRICAL NOVELTIES are plentiful in Paris this season. Whilst Madame Sarah Bernhardt draws crowds to Cliopatre at the Porte St. Martin, a burlesque of M. Sardou's piece, Cliopatre at the Porte St. Martin, a burlesque of M. Sardou's piece, Cliopatre d'Italie, is being prepared at the Déjazet Theatre. M Sardou himself is a sorbed in preparations for his drama of the Reign of Terror, Thermidor, at the Français, and, with his usual thirst for scenic accuracy, has been visiting the old Conciergerie with M. Jules Clarétie, to decide on the due local colouring, as the last act of the piece passes in the prison courtyard. M. Coquelin has the chief part in Thermidor, the action taking place on the famous day which produced the fall of Robespierre. Scarcely less interest is felt in M. Massenet's forthcoming opera, The Migi, which is to be produced at the Opera with great splendour, and to include a magnificent ballet, while M. Diaz will be first in the field with his Benvenuto, which is announced at the Opéra Comique for next Thursday. This week the Théatre Français gave the first representation of M. Henri Becque's Parisienne, and the Gymnase promises an adaptation of M. Georges Ohnet's last novel, Dermer promises an adaptation of M. Georges Chuet's last novel, Dermer promises an adaptation of M. Georges Chuet's last novel, Dermer IMPORTANT THEATRICAL NOVELTIES are plentiful in Paris representation of M. rienri Becque's Paristenne, and the Gymnase promises an adaptation of M. Georges Ohnet's last novel, Dernier Amour. Meanwhile the Paristans are criticising M. Lecocq's new opera, L'Egyptienne, at the Folies Dramatiques, rather a dull piece, in this the converse is not at his box. in which the composer is not at his best.

#### CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON

THE life and work of Mr. Spurgeon are, like himself, unique. He can be measured by no man, and no man can be measured by him. Much may be learned, however, both from the man and his career. The family is of Huguenot origin. The persecution which followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove several members of it to this country, who settled some in Norfolk and some in Essex. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has descended from the latter peach and ween

followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove several members of it to this country, who settled some in Norfolk and some in Essex. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has descended from the latter branch, and was born at Kelvedon, Essex, June 19th, 1834. His father, the Rev. John Spurgeon, who is still living, is a Congregational minister, as was his grandfather, the Rev. James Spurgeon, who presided over the Churc 1 at Stambourne, Essex, more than fifty years.

When Charles was yet a small child he went to live with his grandfather, who was much attached to his first grandson. He was a precocious child, and asked questions not easily answered. He was from the first an excellent reader, and often puzzled some of the old people of his grandfather's congregation with his inquiries, while his remarks excited their wonder. Bold and decided he has ever been, and was then. Seeing a professor of religion one day in doubtful company, he marched up to the big man, and asked, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

Mr. Spurgeon received a good commercial, and a fair classical, education, acquiring, besides English, Latin, Greek, and French. His aunt had given him his first lessons in Scripture history and knowledge. He pored over the "Pilgrim's Progress" until Giant Pope, Christian, and Great Heart, and Old Honest became, the one a grim personality with a bishop's mitre, and the others grand realities, in his view.

While staying with his grandfather, the Rev. Richard Knill visited Stambourne, and was struck by the intelligence of the child. He talked and prayed with him in the arbour of the manor garden, and, before he left, gathering the family together, with the boy upon his knee, he said: "I do not know how it is, but I feel a solemn presentiment that this child will preach the Gospel to thousands, and God will bless him to many souls. So sure am I of this, that when my little man preaches in Rowland Hill's chapel, as he will do one day, I should like him to promite me that he will give out the hymn commencing out the hymn commencing

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

The promise was made, and when the prediction had been in part

The promise was made, and when the prediction had been in part the means of its own sussifient, acting as a determining insuence on the heart and character of the boy, the hymn was sung both at Surrey Chapel and Wootton-under-Edge.

In 1848 young Spurgeon spent a sew months at an Agricultural School at Maidstone, and the next year became tutor in a school at Newmarket, subsequently removing to Cambridge. While in this latter situation he preached his first sermon in a cottage at Feversham. He had previously been baptised on a prosession of his said in Christ, having sound salvation through the preaching of a Primitive Methodist layman at Colchester. He undertook the pastorate of a small church at Waterbeach, when he was invited to preach at New Park Street, Southwark, through the recommendation of a good man at Loughton unknown to himself. This was in the autumn of 1853. The Church was venerable in its associations (the great Hebraist, Dr John Gill, having been its pastor for more than half-a-century); but (under successive pastors, after Dr. Rippon), decay had settled down on everything. Mr. Spurgeon preached his first sermon to two hundred people. After several occasional visits the congregation increased wondrously, and the next year saw the commencement of a career as a pastor and preacher with unparagelegated. The changle seated 1, 200, but is pastors, after Dr. Rippon), decay had settled down on everything. Mr. Spurgeon preached his first sermon to two hundred people. After several occasional visits the congregation increased wondrously, and the next year saw the commencement of a career as a pastor and preacher quite unprecedented. The chapel seated 1,200, but was soon crowded; next, Exeter Hall, and then the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, were filled to overflowing, until the Tabernacle was reared. This spacious structure will seat more than 5,000 persons, and there is standing room for another 1,000. Its cost was 31,332/., and it was opened in 1861 free of debt (trustees hold the property for the denomination). Since its opening, congregations have been gathered from Sunday to Sunday limited only by the capacity of the building. The actual membership averages about 5,000; and all this host are well cared-for by the pastor, his brother, the Rev. James Archer Spurgeon, forty-five elders and deacons, and a church secretary, and many other helpers. (Mr. Spurgeon's twin sons, his only children, are popular as preachers, Charles being pastor of a prosperous church at Greenwich, and Thomas being an Evangelist in New Zealand and the neighbouring colonies).

No sketch of Mr. Spurgeon would be complete without a reference to him as an author, an editor, and a philanthropist. One sermon per week has been published from 1855, so that the present year will complete the thirty-sixth volume. His "Treasury of David," seven volumes, is his next large work; then comes "The Interpreter," "Morning by Morning," and "Evening by Evening," a large number of single volumes, and almost countless small books and pamphless. The sermons are read everywhere and are translated into many languages, there being a million readers, it is said, in America alone. The Pastors' College was founded in 1856; there are seventy students; and hundress of ministers have gone forth from it to all parts of the world.

In the Sword and the Trowel Mr. Spurgeon does war with evil, and edifies the

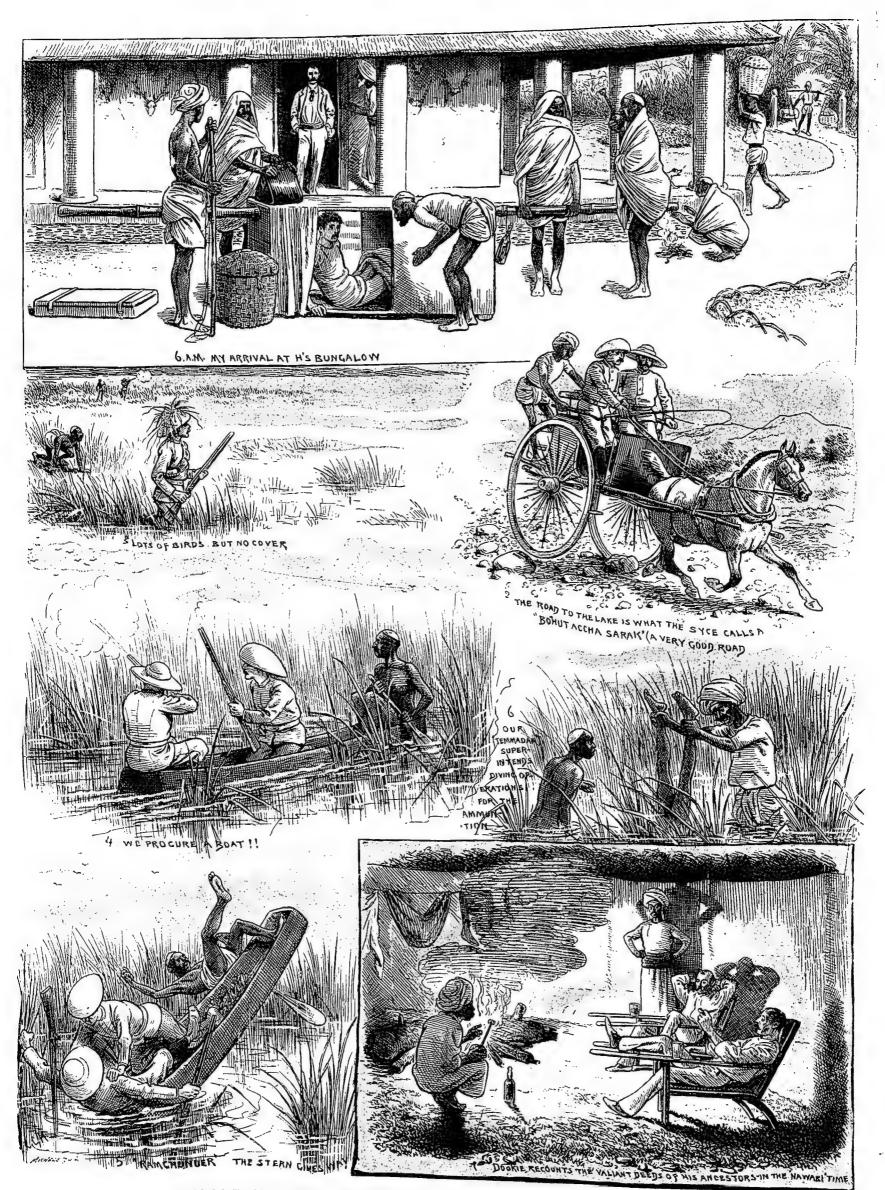
nations love him. Perhaps there is no man or woman living whose death would be a greater loss to the Church and to the world.

R. SHINDLEK

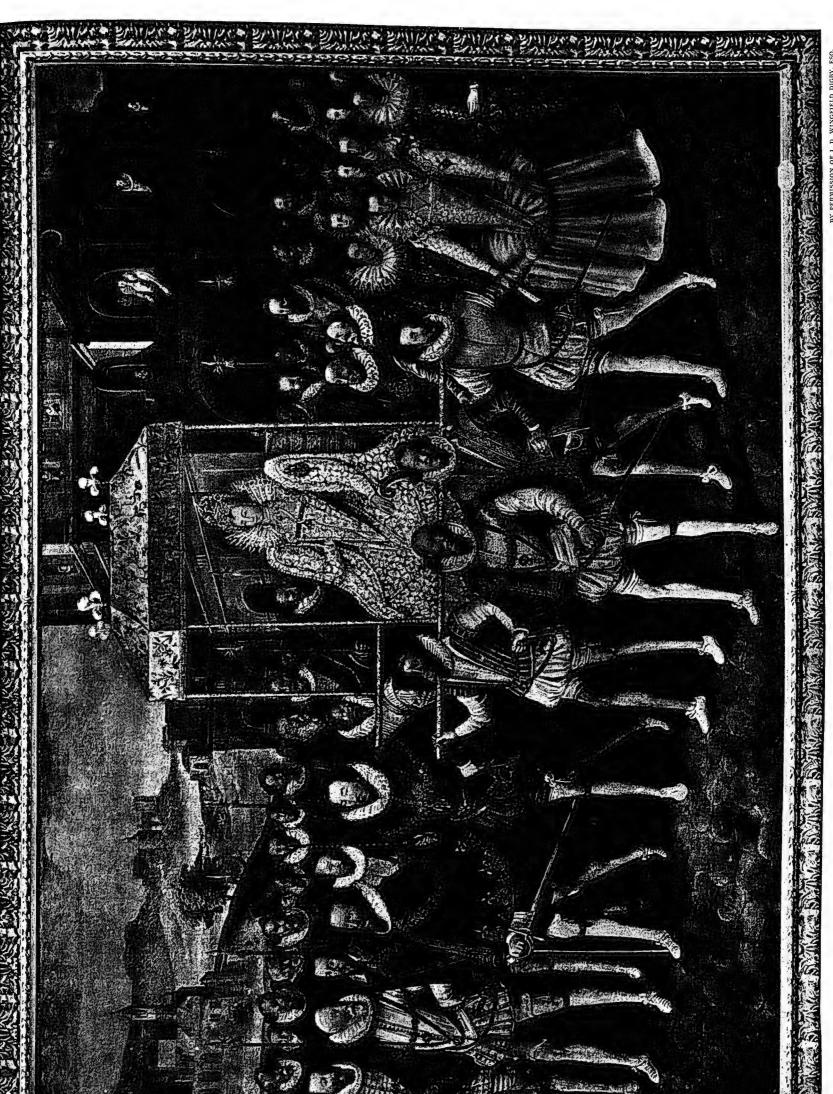
AFRICA HAS BEEN CROSSED BY SEVENTEEN EUROPEAN AFRICA HAS BEEN CROSSED BY SEVENTEEN EUROPEAN FXPLORERS during the present century, one of whom, Mr. Stanley, has performed the journey twice. Of these travellers six were Portuguese, three English, two German, two Italian, one Scotch, one Austrian, one Swede, and one French. The first explorer, the Portuguese Honorato de Costa, took nearly ten years for the undertaking, but the last—the French Captain Trivier—scarcely a

- Obligations are acknowledged to the following works:—
- "The Metropolitan Tabernacle; its History and Work, by C. H. Spurgeon. "Pastor C. H. Spurgeon; his Life and Work," by "G. J. S.".
- Sketch of the Life of C. H. Spurgeon."

Passmore and Alabaster, 4. Paternoster Buildings, London.



SPORT IN INDIA-A DAY'S DUCK-SHOOTING IN OUDE



### THE GRAPHIC



OF all the signs that herald the approach of Christmas, none is so constant as the appearance of the illustrated gift-book, which, with its humbler relative, the Christmas card, seems almost to have taken the place of the turkey and plum-pudding of a less dyspeptic generation. "Greek Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil," by J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., D.D. (The Religious Tract Society), is an excellent book of its kind, for not only is it a yolume which can be turned over with pleasure in an idle moment, but it is one that can be read through with a good deal of profit. Dr. Mahaffy is an Schelland, J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., D.D. (The Religious Tract Society), is an excellent book of its kind, for not only is it a volume which can be turned over with pleasure in an idle moment, but it is one that can he read through with a good deal of profit. Dr. Mahaffy is an authority on the life and thought of Modern Greece, and as his judgment is calm enough to enable him to write about Greece and the Greeks without any of those ecstacies in which travellers indulge who go from Patras to Athens with eyes dimmed by the mists of antiquity, "Greek Pictures" can be read with interest even by those who know a little of the country and its people. This is by no means an account of a first voyage in Greece; it is rather a well-reasoned and well-digested summary of several journeys, and an account of Greece as it exists at the present day, written by one who has a personal knowledge of that beautiful land. Dr. Mahaffy conducts his reader to all the principal cities and provinces of Greece, dealing at some length with Attica and Athens, but also giving a good deal of attention to Peloponnesus, and the ruins of the great cities that once flourished there. The mainland of Greece, from Delphi to Meteora, is not forgotten, and altogether the publishers may be congratulated on their wisdom in entrusting the compilation of this volume to Dr. Mahaffy. The eillustrations are good, but, as usual, somewhat inadequate, owing to the fact that the Greek brigand has prevented the artist and professional photographer from travelling in the interior of the country. And surely the Religious Tract Society might have found something better for Dr. Mahaffy than the wretched sketch-map hidden away in the beginning of the book.

The present age is a bad one for anything requiring time and skill in manipulation. The Art Process has driven out Art pure and simple, photogravure has taken the place of line-engraving, and wood-carving has been largely supplanted by various methods of stamping and moulding. "A Manual of Wood-Carving," by Charles G.

From wood-carving the transition is easy to wood-engraving, and the second edition of "Wood-Engraving," by William Norman Brown (Crosby Lockwood and Son), will serve as a practical introduction to the study of the art. This little volume is one of Weale's control of the study of the art. most excellent "Rudimentary Series," and though it does not deal very fully with its subject, it will be found useful by those who wish to know something of wood-engraving, and of the manner in which a beginner should set about acquiring the necessary skill in handling and cutting the block.

wish to know something of wood-engraving, and of the manner in which a beginner should set about acquiring the necessary skill in handling and cutting the block.

The people who know least about London are in all probability those who live in London. People hurry along so fast, keeping to the right, and are so intent upon the pleasures of their business, or the business of their pleasures, that it is only when they catch sight of a photograph or drawing that they realise that London has buildings as fine, and spaces as wide, as any belauded foreign city. A good many publications have endeavoured to remove the reproach of this ignorance from our midst, and one of the latest is "Quaint London," by "Old Mortality" (Truslove and Shirley). It is a pretty little volume, describing and illustrating some sixteen or seventeen interesting relies of old London. Most of the illustrations are taken from the photographs of the Society for Photographing Relies of Old London, and are excellently reproduced. Among the places given are St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell; the Old Bell, Holborn; Barnard's Inn, Staple Inn Hall, the Charterhouse, and Temple Bar. The book will make a very pretty little present.

A third and enlarged edition of "The Book of Sundials," collected by Mrs. Alfred Gatty (George Bell and Sons), has just been published. It has been edited by H. K. F. Eden and Eleanor Lloyd, and contains an appendix on the construction of dials by W. Richardson. The mottoes of over seven hundred sundials are given in the first part of the volume, the most popular languages for these inscriptions being English, Latin, and Italian. In addition thathis, the mottoes and descriptions of a hundred and twenty-nine other sundials are given as addenda, and there is a very interesting chapter of notes on remarkable sundials. Mr. W. Richardson's paper on the construction of sundials is very interesting and the directions given make it even possible for an enthusiast who is

paper on the construction of sundials is very interesting, and the directions given make it even possible for an enthusiast who is ignorant of mathematics to construct a dial for himself. The book is an admirable monument of research, and invaluable to those in search of a motto, while archæologists will find it a mine of information.

For many years past people have never ceased to complain that Punch is going off, and yet the old jester holds his place as easily as ever. Such work as is contained in "Voces Populi," by F. Anstey (Longmans, Green, and Co.), would in itself suffice to prove that the decadence is more imaginary than real, and those who have laughed over these brilliant sketches week by week will be glad to see them in book form, illustrated by the admirable designs of Mr. J. Bernard Partridge, "Third Class, Parliamentary," a "A Show Place," and "Trafalgar Square," are among the best of these studies from Nature, but, where all are so good, the only thing to be done is to read the volume from cover to cover, which no one who once opens it will fail to do.

Members of that section of the genus man known as the house-

holder, the taxpayer, or the ratepayer, may, individually, be very lions and impatient of tyranny and oppression, but in their corporate capacities they are contemptible mice indeed. This at any rate would seem to be the opinion of the pamphleteers and handbook compilers, for they are literally bombarding the wretched householder with instructions and directions of every kind. By way of putting him in the right way in business matters, Messrs, Jenkinson and Co., of 37, Waltrook, E.C., send him "Limited versus Unlimited Liability in Business," in which they strongly advocate the conversion of private firms into Joint Stock Companies. However, in purely tusiness matters, the householder is recurrently quite able to take care of himself; it is when he care frequently quite able to take care of himself; it is when he gets among the rates and taxes that he flounders hopelessly and presents such a lamentable exhibition of limpness. It is whispered that some men devote energies which, if otherwise applied, would

secure wealth and renown, to evading the tax-collector in many ingenious ways, but there are many more who, with no income to speak of, go on paying extortionate demands year after year with querulous regularity. For the benefit of these latter, Mr. Alfred Chapman has written, and Messrs. Effingham Wilson and Co. have published, a shilling book called "Income Tax, and How to Get it Refunded," which sets forth full instructions for the assessment, appeal, and return of tax. Many persons have regretted that there should be a close time for tax-gatherers, and blame Sir W. Harcourt for not having put them on the same footing as hares; but vengeance may now be taken on the collectors by reading extracts to him from this little book as he stands on the doorstep. Nor are the author and publisher content with this; they also instruct you how and when to appeal against the "Inhabited House Duty," and tell you all about valuation, assessment, and claiming exemption how and when to appeal against the "Inhabited House Duty," and tell you all about valuation, assessment, and claiming exemption and allowances; and the same publisher, with the aid of Mr. A. D. Lawrie, gives full instruction "How to Appeal Against Your Rates in the Metropolis," with forms and full instructions. The Rate and Tax Payers Assessment Protection Association, Limited, of 10, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, are not to be outdone in the matter, for they publish an excellent little book, "The Principles of Assessment," in view of the forthcoming quinquennial valuation of 1890-91. These volumes should form the Magna Charta of the unhappy householder against the grinding tyranny of the fussy oligarchies who owe their election to the apathy and indifference of the average ratepayer. The books are cheap and small, and should be studied by every man who has suffered from the despots of modern life. modern life.

The twelfth volume of Professor David Masson's comprehensive edition of the "Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey' (Adam and Charles Black) contains the tales and romances. Among the stories in this volume are "Klosterheim," "The Household Wreck," "The Avenger," "Mr. Schnackenberger," "The Incognito," and the "Love Charm." It will be amusing to those who are interested in literature to compare the short stories of a former generation with those of the present day.

A journey to Australia or New Zealand is infinitely easier and pleasanter powedays then a journey to Vorbehire was one hundred.

generation with those of the present day.

A journey to Australia or New Zealand is infinitely easier and pleasanter nowadays than a journey to Yorkshire was one hundred years ago. When Dr. Johnson and his faithful Boswell went on their tour to the Hebrides, they endured far more of the discomfort and weariness of travel than the passengers on board floating palaces such as the Austral and the Orient. All this is most clearly brought out in that admirable publication "The Orient Line Guide," by W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A. (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington). Mr. Loftie tells us all about the Orient Line and its working, and about its ships and their comforts; he writes chapters for travellers which contain all the information needed by those who contemplate making their first voyage; and accompanies the traveller as a guide to all the places visited on the line taken by the steamers. The book is capitally illustrated by drawings, maps, and plans, and, having read the book through, the only thing left to do is to pack up and take ship for the summer at Christmastide on the other side of the globe.

The eighth and concluding volume of the "Henry Irving Shakespeare," edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall (Blackie and Son), is as excellent and scholarly a piece of work as any of its predecessors. The death of Mr. Frank Marshall lends a pathetic interest to the completion of the work that was to be the magnum opus of his life, to use the words of Mr. Irving, his fellow-editor. Hamlet, King Henry VIII., Pericles, and the Poems are contained in this volume.

Experience would lead to the belief that mankind has hitherto

this volume.

this volume.

Experience would lead to the belief that mankind has hitherto found but little difficulty in getting married, but nevertheless Mr. Thomas Moore has written "How To Be Married" (Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh) for the purpose of still further lighting the path for those about to wed. Mr. Moore was formerly Surrogate in the Diocese of Canterbury, and therefore his instructions how to get married on board a man-of-war, or in Jersey, or if you are a divorced person, are sure to be correct. He is also kind enough to insert the Form of Solemnization of Matrimony, for the benefit of those who do not possess the Book of Common Prayer.

benefit of those who do not possess the Book of Common Prayer. The book deals with marriage very fully and exhaustively.

After being married, the next thing is where to go for the honeymoon, and Mr. A. Samler Brown says "Madeira and the Canary Islands" (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington). Those Islands" (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington). Those who, whether married or single, intend going to these Islands of the Blessed, cannot do better than to take Mr. Brown's guide along with them, for it is clear and complete, and well furnished with maps of



11.

OWING to the Stanley-Barttelot controversy, Africa is the topic of the day, and everything that throws light on the Dark Continent will be read with interest. The most important contribution in the Reviews is Mr. H. H. Johnston's "The Development of Tropical Africa under British Auspices," in the Forinightly. It is an address delivered to the Chamber of Commerce at Liverpool, and in the convincing words of a man who thoroughly understands what he is writing about. Mr. Johnston calls the attention of the nation to the great work lying before it in Africa, and asks that the methods which gave us our Empire in India shall be applied to Africa. It is one of the few articles of the month that rises from the Burbladom of the day and is full of the India. Africa. It is one of the tew articles of the month that rises from the Bumbledom of the day, and is full of the Imperial instinct. "Stanley and Emin Pasha" in the Contemporary, puts the case for Emin with noderation, but it is impossible to forget that Dr. Carl Peters is a rival explorer whose own record is not above criticism. In Scribner, Mr. Herbert Ward writes the "Sale of a Tusk of Ivory," which, though it contains nothing new, will give a most excellent idea of the conditions of life in Central Africa to those who have not time to read the many volumes on the subject new issuing free not time to read the many volumes on the subject now issuing from

The subject of Indian Child Marriages is one that is attracting tention in India, and in the New Review Cardinal Manning and Mrs. Fawcett write short articles, urging upon the Government the absolute necessity of legislative interference. Mrs. Fawcett also has an article in the Contemporary, setting forth her views at greater length; but the other side of the question is ably views at greater length; but the other side of the question is ably put forward by Mr. Lionel Ashburner in the National Review. Mr. Ashburner points out that any interference with religious customs would certainly lead to an outbreak, "compared to which the Mutiny was a mere drunken sailors' row," and gives statistics which seem to show that the evils of infant marriage have been very much exaggerated.

e patent pill of Socialism, which is to cure all ills, and send readyroasted pigs running about the streets, has been exercising several of the reviews this month. The National leads off with a "History of Socialism," which will be useful to those persons who care to have some knowledge of a topic they are talking about, and Time has appaper by Mr. E. B. Bax on "Liberalism versus Socialism," in which the Liberals are informed that they are an effete and reactionary party. In the Paternoster Review we are told by Mr. Matkin that the rule of the day labourer will lay the foundation of national greatness, progress, and happiness. As these foundations

were laid and consolidated many years ago, Mr. Matkin must be presuming upon the ignorance of his readers. The utmost that any party can hope to do is to uphold the greatness of the Empire. It party can hope to do is to uphold the greatness of the Empire. It is sad to think that there is more than one party whose every effort seems devoted to its destruction. In connection with these papers an article in Murray on "The Condition of Working Women in Paris" may be read with advantage, as well as Mr. Gladstone's remarks in the Nineteenth Century on "Mr. Carnegie's Gospel of remarks in the Nineteenth Century on "Mr. Carnegie's Gospel of Wealth." An excellent dose of common sense after some of the Socialistic theories is provided by Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Modern Topsy-Turveydom," in the New Review, and Mr. A. Patchett Martin's "Great Australian Strike" in the National Review, will also do good work if it leads people to look at facts as they are

Martin's "Great Australian Strike" in the National Review, will also do good work if it leads people to look at facts as they are and not as some would like them to be.

Turning to general politics, Mr. Frederick Greenwood plays the Turning to general politics, the Government in the Fortnightly, part of a candid friend towards the Government in the Fortnightly, and warns them that by attempting to "dish" the Radicals they are jeopardising the support of all that is best in Conservative England. In the Paternoster Review Mr. A. A. Baumann expresses the opinion that to imagine that a Government which can always compand a In the Paternoster Review Mr. A. A. Baumann expresses the opinion that to imagine that a Government which can always command a majority of eighty is going to be bluffed or teased into dissolving Parliament before 1892 is a conception of which the silliness is only surpassed by the impudence. Mr. Glalstone comes in for some smart correction from Sir G. Båden-Powell in the National Review, for his remarks on the Maltese question; and in the Contemporary Sir T. H. Farrer differs from the taxpayer in not approving of the "Local and Imperial Finance of the Last Four Years." Poor Mr. Gladstone gets another rap in the Nineteenth Century, this time from Mr. Davitt, who is dissatisfied with "The Latest Midlothian Campaign."

Mr. Davitt, who is dissatished with The Education Millistrated, must always mith us, and this month Blackwood has the honour of contributing the most noteworthy article on the subject. The review known as Subjects of the Day would have been wise had it included the studies of an observer like the writer in Blackwood among its contents, instead of confining itself to a partisan attempt by Mr. Gladstone, aided by some of his present allies, to warm up the cold mutton of a movement his own words have done so much to discredit. By the way, Mr. Macartney and Mr. James Samuelson seem to labour under the delusion that Frankenstein was some sort of a monster.—The Contemporary has "Remedies for Irish Distress," by Michael Davitt, and an attack on the "Irish Land Purchase Bill," by Mr. W. O'C. Morris.—In the Paternoster Review is an ex parte account of "New Tipperary;" in Murray, a sensible paper on "The Irish Patriots and Professor Dicey;" and in the Nineteenth Century a most interesting article on "French Boycotting and Its Cure," which should be read by every one who studies the agrarian question in Ireland.

There is but scant space left for the lighter magazines. In Longman "The Mischief of Monica," by L. B. Wallord, opens well, as do all the novels of this clever author.—In Macmillan, "He Fell Among Thieves;" and in Tinstey, "The Other Man's Wife "keep up to a good level of excellence.—Among the short stories the best are "In the Studio," in Cornhill; "Gillian's Child," in Belgravia; "Her Guardian," in London Society; and "A Shy Australian" in the Argosy.—A very interesting article is "Six Months in a Russian Family," by Captain W. Cyprian Bridge, in the Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine; and "Winchester College," in the English Illustrated, must also be read.—In Temple Bar there are some amusing "Reminiscences of My Time at Oxford," and some pretty verses "On a Velvet Coat of the Last Century."—"Some Eminent Pirates" and "English Players in Paris," in the Gentleman's Magazine, are both interesting appers, an Campaign."
The Irish Question we have always with us, and this month



Messrs. Enoch and Sons.—A thoroughly good sacred song is welcome at all times. "Via Dolorosa," the words by Walter Stevens, music by Paul Rodney, is a song of more than ordinary merit, well adapted for such solemn seasons as Advent and Lent; it may be sung at Church Festivals; there is an effective harmonium or organ accompaniment, ad hb.—By the above-named composer is a pleasing song "The Bells of St. Mary's," words by F. E. Weatherly, published in three keys.—Of two, songs, music by Joseph L. Roeckel, we much prefer "Breton Slumber Song," words by Shapcott Wensley, to "In the Years that are Gone, words by F. E. Weatherly, a song of the tender passion, which will find favour with young people of both sexes.—Precisely the same may be said of "If Love were Only for a Day," written and composed by William Toynbee and Arthur Hervey, and "Mine in My Dreams," words by Clifton Bingham, music by Lovett King.—A song which will catch the moet obtuse ear and be a general favourite, is "Bella Napoli," written and composed by Clifton Bingham and F. Boscovitz.—Two songs which will be appreciated at popular concerts and musical evenings are, "Ferryman John," written and composed by Henry Vaughan and Paul Rodney, and "The Admiral's Broom," a merry tale of the sea, words by F. E. Weatherly, music by F. Bevan.—Nos. 4 and 5 of "The Children's Album" ("Kindergarten Series") contain, the former ten pretty and tuneful pieces for the piano and violin by J. L. Roeckel, and the latter ten national dances for the piano by Michael Watson, which are fairly characteristic of the countries they represent.—In "Enoch's Dance Album" (No. 5), will be found a very good collection of favourite waltzes, polkas, &c., by Messrs. Otto Roeder Malteufel, Ch. d'Albert and others.—Otto Roeder has done well for dancers of the season with three sets of waltzes and a schottische. "Little Huntsmen Waltz" will attract by its spirited frontispiece and its tuneful music.—"Ferryman John Waltz" is a very good setting of Paul Rodney's popular song noticed above.— -A thoroughly good sacred song arranged by Edward Solomon upon the most popular ballads of the day, will set young folks and some few middle-aged folks dancing with vigour and enjoyment.

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MESSRS. ASCHEREEGG AND Co.—This is an age when ridicule reigns paramount; no sooner does an opera score a success than it is pounced upon by comic adaptors, and good-naturedly burlesqued. Carmen Up to Data, written by George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, music by Meyer Lutz, has proved a great success at the Gaiety Theatre; its numerous admirers will be glad to learn that this amusing burlesque is published in a cheap form.

amusing purlesque is published in a cheap form.

MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—A reminder that Christmas is approaching comes in familiar form of carols culled from "Sacred Leaflets." Although they will not exclude the time-honoured carols of centuries old, they will share the honours, in a minor degree, with them. "Eight Carols," by various composers, and "Eight Carols for Children for Christmas," published in both Notations, will bring gladness into many a home circle in this nineteenth century, when our little ones are taught to sing as soon as they can talk.

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CHURCH NEWS

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, preaching on Sunday at Westminster Abbey, on General Booth's philanthropic scheme, spoke of it as full of promise if the necessary funds were provided. There were, he said, at least a hundred men in England who could immortalise he said, at least a hundred men in England who could immortalise themselves by giving the 100,000. required to set it in motion, and there were thousands who could easily spare 100. It would be an indelible shame to England if, for a want of so infinitesimal a self-denial, a scheme of such hopeful promise failed even of a trial. Archdeacon Farrar also heads the list of signatories of a circular addressed to "The Clergy and Pastors of the British Churches," to whom an appeal is made to afford opportunities to their flocks for giving General Booth financial help. The other signatories include prominent representatives of the various religious denominations, among them being the late Dr. Hannay, Secretary of the Congregational Union; Dr. Clifford, Baptist Union; Mr. Jonathan Grubb, a minister of the Society of Friends (who has sent the General 501); and the President of the Wesleyan Conference. The General has also received letters of encouragement and sympathy from the Bishops of Lincoln, Wakefield, Rochester, Bath and Wells, the new Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Newcastle, and one in which Cardinal Manning declares that "every man has a right to bread or to work."

The Deanery Of Windsor, which carries with it the domestic

THE DEANERY OF WINDSOR, which carries with it the domestic THE DEANERY OF WINDSOR, which carries with it the domestic chaplaincy to the Queen, has been conferred on an energetic and eloquent clergyman of the Evangelical School, the Rev. P. F. Eliot. He has been, since 1867, Vicar of the parish of Holy Trinity, Bournemouth, where his twenty-three years' ministration is associated with a remarkable development of Church work; 40,000/., raised wholly by voluntary contributions, having been spent on church and school buildings. His second wife, a daughter of the late Earl Rivers, was before marriage the Hon. Mary Pitt, and a Maid of Honour to the Queen.

In Memory of his late wife, who was a daughter of Dr. French, for many years Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, Lord Justice Kay has founded what are to be called the Lady Kay Scholarships, the main object of them being to assist able young men, who have placed, or shall place, their names on the boards of that college, to become useful clergymen of the Church of England. The Scholarships are to be of the annual value of not less than 40% or more than 60%, and tenable for not more than three years. more than three years.

AT A RECENT MEETING of the Court of Victoria University, held at Owens College, Manchester, it was proposed that a statute should be framed instituting theological degrees. The motion,

supported by the Bishops of Manchester and Oxford, and opposed by Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P., and Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., was rejected by eighteen votes to thirteen.

As LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL the Right Hon. Sir Henry Cotton, resigned, is succeeded by Sir Edward E. Kay, who has been a Judge in the Chancery Division of the High Court since 1881, when he was knighted. He is a brother of the late Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, Secretary of the Committee of Council on Education.

MR. H. M. STANIEV seconding to a telegraph from New York.

MR. H. M. STANLEY, according to a telegram from New York, has confirmed the report that legal proceedings will result from the controversy in connection with the late Major Barttelot's expedition, and that Sir Charles Pured! has concerned to not as his counsel. and that Sir Charles Russell has consented to act as his counsel.

nas connrmed the report that regal proceedings and that Sir Charles Russell has consented to act as his counsel.

AFTER AN EXAMINATION on Saturday last before the Mayor of Oxford, Catherine T. Riordan was on Monday charged at the Vice-Chancellor's Court with shooting Dr. J. Franck Bright, Master of University College. The prisoner, who is described as of no occupation, and of 35, Sydney Street, Fulham, had previously written, among other insane communications, an undated letter to Mr. Haines, Fellow and Tutor of University College, in which, evidently under the impression that he was about to be married to a daughter of Dr. Bright, she said, "You are quite safe, but every member of Bright's family will be murdered before the wedding day." On the afternoon of Thursday last week she called, as "Mrs. Haines," on Dr. Bright, and had a five minutes' interview with him, during which, Mr. Haines entering the room in which they were, the prisoner charged him with having promised her marriage, adding that she had the marriage certificate; statements, the truth of which were emphatically denied by Mr. Haines when examined as a witness before the Vice-Chancellor. On being shown out of the house she proceeded to Mr. Haines's rooms, and was admitted to one of them by the porter, who, on seeing Mr. Haines in the Quad, and having spoken to him on the subject of his visitor, returned, and induced her to leave. She then went again to the residence of Dr. Bright, who was in the hall reading letters, and asked to see him, on which he stepped forward to the door where she was standing. A few seconds afterwards she fired a revolver at him, wounding him severely. A medical man was summoned, and found that the bullet had entered the body a little above the left groin, and had emerged a little above the right one. Meanwhile she escaped, and took the train to London. On Friday afternoon she was found by the police at her Fulham domicile, and having been identified by Dr. Bright's butler, she was arrested, and taken to Oxford, protestin

ing that she had been ill in her bed in London for three days, and had never been near Oxford. These facts having been proved in evidence, there was read a statement by the prisoner which she wrote on Saturday evening in the hospital of Oxford Gaol. In this she spoke of her letters to Dr. Bright and Mr. Haines as written while she was not responsible for her actions. She said that she fired the shot at Dr. Bright "only to frighten him," that she had been ill for two months, that she was truly sorry for what she had done, that she did not wish to defend herself, and threw herself on the mercy of the Court, of Dr. Bright, and of Mr. Haines. She was committed for crial at the assizes, which were to commence on Friday this week. Dr. Bright is progressing favourably, but a very slight deviation in the course of the bullet would have made the wound almost certainly a fatal one. a fatal one.

THE KENTISH TOWN MURDERS.—Mrs. Pearcey was on Tuesday again brought up on remand at the Marylebone Police-court.

Some new and important evidence was added to that given at the day again prought up on remain at the Manyecone Ponce-court. Some new and important evidence was added to that given at the coroner's inquest. A little boy who had identified the prisoner when among a group of other women swore to her as having given when among a group of other women swore to her as having given him on the 24th ult. a note which, it is supposed, contained the invitation to Mrs. Hogg to visit her. A Mrs. Gardiner identified the prisoner as the person whom she saw on the night of the murder wheeling along Crossland Road, which leads out of Prince of Wales's Road, a heavily-laden perambulator. The female searcher at Kentish Town Police station, whose statement respecting an important admission by the prisoner had previously been made public, deposed that Mrs. Pearcey told her of the note of invitation to the deceased, who came in consequence, adding that as they were having tea together "Mrs. Hogg made a remark that I did not like, and one word brought on another. But stop, I had better not say anything more." Last, not least, was an item of evidence given by Inspector Banister, who had found in the prisoner's backyard a steel button matching those which were found on the deceased's jacket, and one of which was missing from it. The prisoner was remanded until Tuesday next. prisoner was remanded until Tuesday next.

THE CASE OF ANGELO CASTIONI, long a citizen of London, who was committed at Bow Street to be extradited to Switzerland who was committed at Bow Street to be extradited to Switzerland as having shot Councillor Rossi during the recent rising in the Canton of Ticino, has been already mentioned in this column. An application for his release was made to the Queen's Bench Division on the ground that his was a purely political offence for which there could be no extradition, and on Tuesday, after a protracted argument, the Judges made an order for his immediate discharge. Sir Charles Russell led for Castioni and the Attorney-General for the



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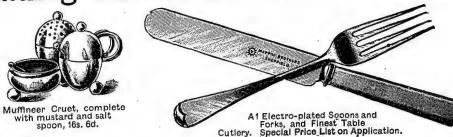
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"A LOST ILLUSION," by I.eslie Keith (3 vols: Methuen and Co.), is a really pathetic story, full of human nature; and it has, moreover, a special value, inasmuch as it largely deals with Quaker life as it was to be found in the earlier portion of the century, when, life as it was to be found in the earlier portion of the century, when, paradoxically enough, it flourished in proportion to its stagnation. Most people, however much they may be outside the society, are disposed to a kindly and sympathetic interest with the Friends, so long as the latter are rigilly faithful to their peculiar traditions; and there is certainly no lack of such rigidity in Leslie Keith's novel. Her heroine steps into the world from a Quaker community in the North; and well for her would it have been if she had remained there. The scene is mainly laid in a northern county, among the mill-owning class; and the introduction of new machinery is important, not only as giving historical colour, but as inseparable from the plot, which owes its simplicity to its exceptionally good construction. which owes its simplicity to its exceptionally good construction. Altogether the novel helps, in an interesting manner, to record certain neglected aspects of a side of life which will very soon become irre-

coverable.

H. B. Marriott Watson's "Lady Faint-Heart" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is also a story of lost illusions; though the illusions are of an exceedingly different kind. Millicent Hetherdene, a country-bred girl, and the only child of a scientific recluse, has partly evolved a system of Agnosticism in combination with a scheme for the extermination of disease, crime, and poverty. To this mission she devotes herself; and her story, which is terribly long and is rendered tedious by repetitions and minute analysis, but is sympa-

thetic and suggestive, follows, step by step, her gradual discovery that she is just a weak woman, with not more strength than is required to fill the place in life marked out for her by circumstance. Her surroundings are too obviously planned for their purpose, and betray the carefulness of their arrangement too openly; but this, in these slipshod days, must be counted as but the exaggeration of a virtue. There are many good incidents to be found by the patient and industrious reader; the best, perhaps, are the portrait of the piquant and self-bewildering humourist, Winifred Aylmer, and the account of Millicent's first season in town, when, prepared to find herself at last in the centre of strong wills and brilliant intellects absorbed in her own problems, she finds a desert of indifference, twaddle, and conventional hypocrisy. Readers may spend a few minutes worse than in deciding for themselves how far the picture is true.

"A Born Coquette," by Mrs. Hungerford, better known as the authoress of "Molly Bawn" (3 vols.: Spencer Blackett), is the chronicle of an exquisitely beautiful Irish family; so beautiful that Mrs. Hungerford is in a constant state of rapture over them—their eyes, mouths, noses, chins, even fingers and toes. In character and manners, the girls of the family are simply vulgar hoydens; so perhaps it is their chins, noses, and so forth that enable them to give everybody, except the reader, an impression of singular refinement and distinction. Their experiences cannot be called interesting; but that piquant flippancy which seems somehow to be the peculiar effect of using the present tense in narration, instead of the more grammatical past, will no doubt be regarded in many quarters as ample compensation. It is to be hoped, however, that admiration will not be carried to the point of imitation. Young women who are less like Helen plus Cleopatra plus Venus than the Misses Delaney will not find their methods of making great matches equally successful.

We should say that Wilfred Wcollims, M.A., to

"All for Naught" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), has an imagination developed out of proportion to his powers of expression. That is always an uncomfortable condition; and "All for Naught" is a correspondingly uncomfortable novel. No doubt the icharacters, and their precise relations, and the exact significance of their proceedings, are all perfectly clear to the mind of Mr. Woollams; but he never enables his readers to know what to think of them. The heroine, for example, who tries to extort unwilling kisses from her Lother's tutor, who prudently avoids them, is none the less supposed to be a lady through and through. Again, the author has a way of keeping curiosity on tenter-hooks concerning all sorts of seemingly mysterious details, only to disappoint it; the result is, of course, a feverish sort of interest, but the result is chronic worry instead of final satisfaction. Apart from the air of knowing what he wants to do without the power to do it, Mr. Woollams has many of the most important qualities for writing successful fiction, including that of arresting and keeping attention; and doubtless he will display them adequately when they become better proportioned to one another.

"A South Sea Lover," by Alfred St. Johnston (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.), is called "A Romance" with the strictest accuracy. It is a touching and original story, based upon the strange custom of bloodbrotherhood which prevails elsewhere than in the South Pacific—it is mentioned, for example, in the life of Major Barttelot. The story of Soma's heroic self-sacrifice for his English blood-brother is tragedy of an exceedingly high order; and the forms of thought and feeling, of which it is the outcome, so strange to civilised ideas, are well led up to by a minute, picturesque, and deeply-interesting account of Polynesian life in peace and war—every episode being at once of value in itself, and essential to the whole. An Arcadian charm is both blended and contrasted with the open display of elemental passions. And the romance is all the be

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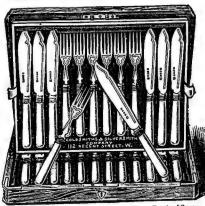




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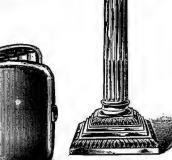




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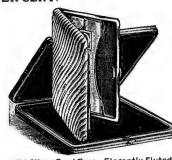
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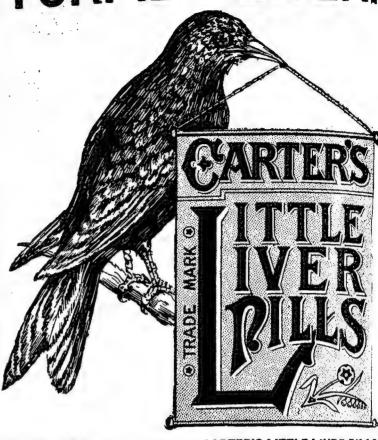
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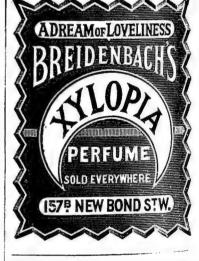
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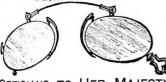
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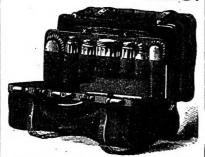
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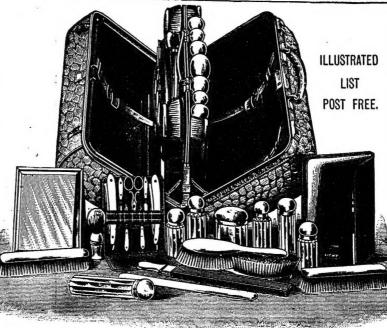
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Dear Sir.—We congratulate you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly esteemed medicine has earned for itself not only in Hindostan, but all over the East, As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances ad infinitum of the extraordinary efficacy of Ur. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhoxa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, andasa general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhoxa, and even in the more terrible forms of cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution or any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike.

We are, Sir, faithfully yours

Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain. His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

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CHLORODYNE—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—See the Timus, July 13, 1884.

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HE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients: hence frequently the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from whi h many children suffer. It should be remembered that

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particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. White Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more soda than others, owing to the use of cocoa nut oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline Soap, very injurious to the skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from t'ese Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of Nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

is absolutely pure, free from excess of alkali (Soda), and from artificial colouring matter. It is specially recommended for Infants and Children, because it is perfectly pure, and does not irritate their delicate sensitive skin, nor make their little eyes smart. It lasts so long that it is certainly the CHEAPEST as well as the BEST Toilet Soap. It makes Children feel comfortable, and hence happy after their bath, and by its use the natural softness and brightness of their complexions are improved and preserved.

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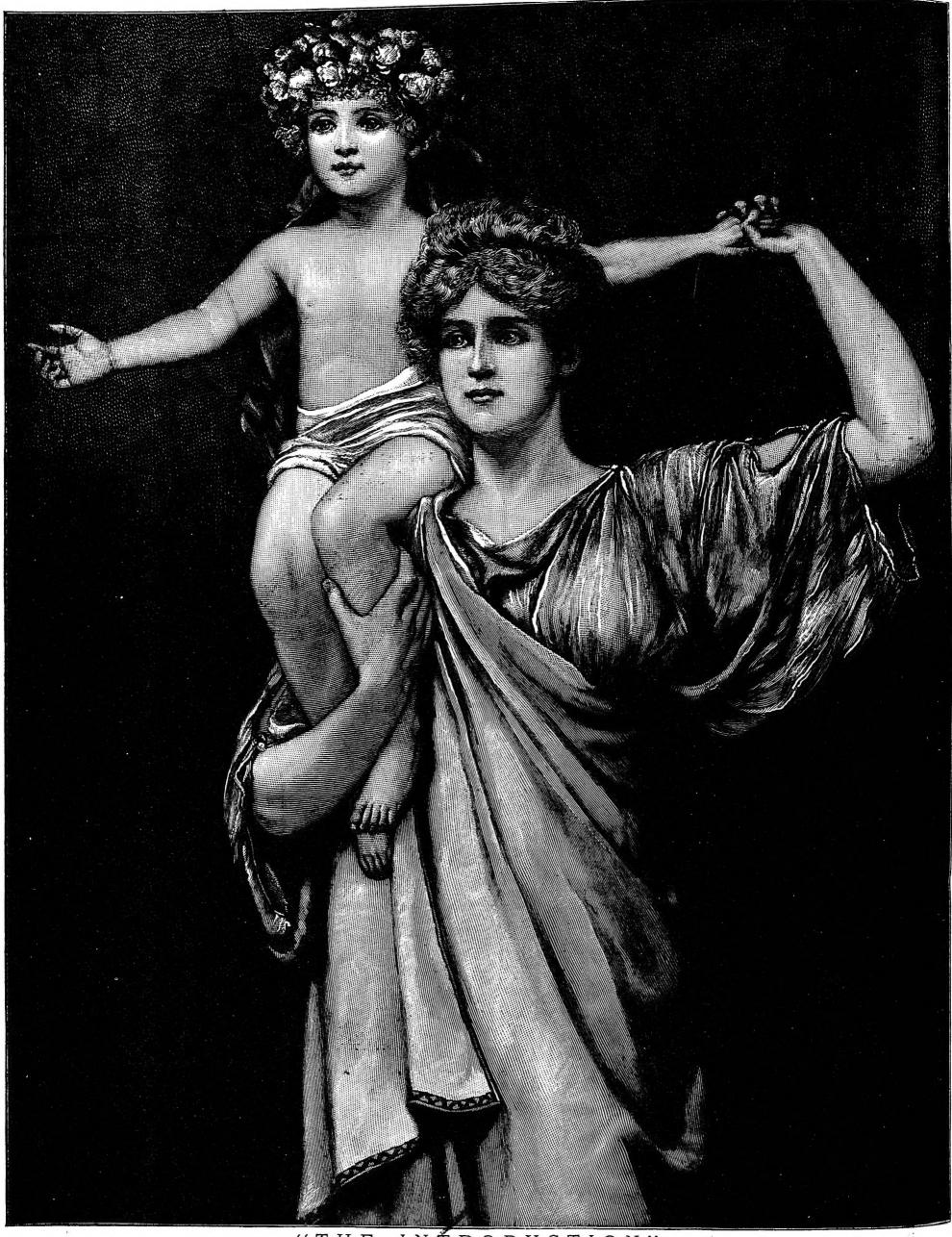
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THE GRAPHIC, NOVEMBER 15, 1890



"THE INTRODUCTION"

FROM THE PAINTING BY HERBERT SCHMALZ

The "Graphic" bas, with Pen and Pencil, it appears,
Made friends the wide world o'er now nearly twenty years!

Its Birth seems yesterday—two decades soon are o'er—

Twill hold its own, we trust, for many decades more! Behold its Child—Time flies!—a sturdy infant too,

Who fain would run alone, and pants for pastures new;

Who fain would run alone, and pants for pastures new;

For telegrams as well as instantaneous views.

A daring Child! Let's hope this "Daily over the pastures o'er—

Who fain would run alone, and pants for pastures new;

For telegrams as well as instantaneous views.

A daring Child! Let's hope this "Daily over the pastures o'er—

Twill hold its own, we trust, for many decades more! Behold its Child—Time flies!—a sturdy infant too,

Behold its Child—Time flies!—a sturdy infant too,